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SEPARATED.

"What matters the river which winds between?"

It is easy to speak across!" she cried. But his answer rang through the sunny scene

"It is better far to keep side by side—Is there nought to whisper 'twixt you and me?"

And the river widens towards the sea!"

They set me a-dreaming—those words they spoke—

A-dreaming of hearts which are sun-drenched so,

By an angry word or a thoughtless joke, Or by misty something that none can know.

Only henceforth two go ever apart, Too far for the touching of heart with heart.

And the one cries vainly, but all unheard, For the other is stricken deaf and dumb, And they both fare on, in the hope deferred

Of a meeting day that can scarcely come;

Of the other's heart, each has lost the key, "And the river widens towards the sea."

And each soul goes yearning apart to cry—

"O, my cherished friend of the vanished days,

We have lost each other—and scarce know why!

And only this bitter-sweet comfort stays,

That despite the mists which have rolled between,

Yet our love is what it has ever been!"

Then we strain our eyes to the ocean vast (What does it keep at its farther side?)

Where the widest river is merged at last And the parted strands can no more divide.

Perchance as we sail for its unknown shore

We shall hail the dip of a friendly oar,

And, lo, comes the vanished friend to our side,

"I am here—the same as I used to be—The river will never more divide,

It has lost itself in Death's mighty sea: We have left behind all the doubt and fret

—But love that was faithful is with us yet."

Argosy. ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

SPOKEN AT SEA.

All men go down to the sea in ships: With a trembling hand and faltering lips, We spread our sails on the deep unknown, Each for himself and each alone.

The strong tide floweth unceasingly; God only knoweth our destiny.

And ships may meet, as yours and mine; With a tender gleam the deck-lights shine;

There are wide-swept words of kindly cheer,

A song, a smile, perchance a tear; Then on, for the ever-hurrying sea Sings of the shadowy yet-to-be!

And the light dies out of each shining track;

The course was chosen; we turn not back; No hands are clasped o'er the soundless blue, And a sweeter story ne'er shall be Than of memory's ship-lights spoken at sea.

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

AFTER SUNSET.

One tremulous star above the deepening west;

The splash of waves upon a quiet beach; A sleepy twitter from some hidden nest Amidst the clustered ivy, out of reach.

The sheep-bell's tinkle from the daisied leas;

The rhythmic fall of homeward-wending feet;

A wind that croons amongst the leafy trees,

And dies away in whispers faint and sweet.

A pale young moon, whose slender silver bow

Creeps slowly up beyond the purple hill; And seems to absorb the golden afterglow Within the far horizon lingering still.

An open lattice and the scent of musk; Then, through the slumbrous hush of earth and sky,

A tender mother-voice that in the dusk Sings to a babe some old-world lullaby.

Chambers' Journal. E. MATHESON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
 CZAR AND EMPEROR.

BY KARL BLIND.

Towards the end of this month the coronation of Nicholas II. will take place at Moscow—once, like Novgorod and Kieff in earlier times, the capital of Russia, before Peter the Great transported the seat of government to the town built by him, which bears his or the Apostle's name. The day fixed for the ceremony is the same which was chosen by the father and predecessor of the present czar for his own coronation. No doubt, when the expected event comes off, we shall hear again, as usual, that the imperial title was for the first time assumed in 1721, by Peter the Great, from whose reign even otherwise well-informed persons often date almost the real existence of Russia. That the title of emperor was first taken by the ambitious monarch who "opened a window for Russia towards Europe," and that it had never been borne, or claimed, before by Muscovite rulers, is a statement one can even find in the works of distinguished historians of various countries. It is, nevertheless, a wholly erroneous assertion.

Seeing how general the prevailing, but mistaken, opinion is, we cannot wonder that Mr. Disraeli, in one of his speeches on the Royal Titles Bill, should have said, by way of reference to, and comparison with Russia: "Peter the Great, when he was emerging from his anomalous condition as a powerful sovereign, hardly recognized by his brother sovereigns, changed the style and title of his office from that of czar to emperor; and that adoption was acknowledged by England, and by England alone; and the ruler of Russia remained unrecognized by the great comity of nations."

This passage, it will presently be shown, contains two errors. For, not only had the imperial title been used at one time by Muscovite princes long before Peter I.; but, whilst it was unrecognized and contested then by not a few other monarchs, it had been acknowledged, in the sixteenth century, by English kings and queens.

Russia is often said to be a young nation; and that is another strange misstatement. Thus Mr. Gladstone, in an article containing a eulogy of Alexander II., once described Russia as "nationally young." It would be impossible to commit a greater historical error. A thousand years ago, the Russian Empire was founded by the Germanic Warangians: Swedes, Norwegians, Angles, and Goths; that is, Scandinavians and Teutons, under the leadership of Rurik (Roderick) about the time of Alfred the Great. It was they who welded the Finn, Slav, and Tatar tribes between the Finnish Gulf and the upper course of the Dnieper into a Russian Kingdom. This "Russian" name—another fact little remembered—originally signified, not the natives, but the conquering Germanic clan or race—in the same way as the names of France, of Lombardy, of Andalusia, of Catalonia, and of England arose from the Teutonic Franks, the Longobards, the Vandals, the Goths and Alans, and the Angles.

A young nation, therefore, Russia certainly is not, either historically speaking, or otherwise. In the course of her long and checkered history, a great many things have happened. She has had ups and downs of the most extraordinary kind. The Finnish, Slav, and Turko-Tatar tribes of the great plain first yielded to the conquest of the Northmen, who introduced a semi-feudal rule, out of which gradually a rather Oriental despotism grew up. Then came the Mongol inroad of the Golden Horde, under which Russia lay bowed from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. During that long epoch of oppression she was almost shut off from contact with Europe. Through internal feuds, the Khanate finally broke down, when there rose, on its ruins, the Czardom of Muscovy. It continued to govern on the lines and with the state machinery of the Mongols. The few self-ruling communities in the North—such as Novgorod, the associate of the German Hansa, Pskoff, and Tver—which had flourished in the meanwhile, were destroyed by the czar

with the help of Tatar mercenaries. Autocracy was then supreme throughout the land.

When European travellers and ambassadors began once more to visit Russia after the collapse of the Tatar dominion, they drew a picture of the state of things which certainly does not warrant the idea of national youthfulness. Sigismund von Herberstein, who in 1516, soon after the withdrawal of the Golden Horde, went as ambassador of the German Empire to Russia, wrote in his "*Rerum Moscovitarum Commentarii*," published at Vienna in 1549, with great astonishment:—

The Grand Prince speaks, and everything is done; the life, the property, of the laymen and the clergy, of the nobles and the citizens, all depend on his supreme will. He knows of no contradiction, and everything appears in him just, as in God; for the Russians are convinced that the Grand Prince is the fulfiller of Heaven's decrees. "God and the Prince have willed it!" are the ordinary expressions among them. . . . I do not know whether it is the character of the Russian nation which has formed such autocrats, or whether the autocrats have stamped this character upon the nation.

With a degree of indignation, Herberstein reports that the czars were already seeking to assume the imperial title. In somewhat indifferent, or rather bad, Latin he says that, in writing to the emperor or the pope, the czar only calls himself "King and Lord of All Russia." If, however, letters from the Ruthene language, translated into Latin, are added, the Muscovite interpreters—Herberstein says—render the word "czar" by "imperator." "In this way," he observes, "the czar makes himself both a king and an emperor."

An assertion cunningly set afloat at that time in Russia was, that the German emperor—the only ruler who then bore that title in Europe—had conferred the imperial dignity upon the czars. But nobody, Herberstein declares, will believe that the Emperor Maximilian and his grandsons had anything to do with the creation even of the royal title of the czars; a title which would have been an injury to the king of Poland,

with whom his own (Herberstein's) august master Maximilian had lived in sincere friendship.

It will thus be seen that even the minor royal title of the czars was in those days looked upon abroad as a kind of usurpation. Yet it was soon after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks that the rulers of Muscovy had begun to lay occasional claim even to the higher imperial title, in virtue—so it was given out among the Russians—of the marriage of Ivan I. Wassiljewitch with a princess of the house of Palæologus, the daughter of a brother of the last Byzantine emperor. This was a resumption, so to say, under a new plea, of even older ambitious designs.

Already the earliest Russian monarchs—that is, some of the first successors of Rurik the Northman—had turned their thoughts very much towards Byzantium, or eastern Rome, and repeatedly endeavored, by warlike expeditions, to gain possession of it. They did so when both they and their Finnish and Slav subjects were yet heathens, whilst the Eastern Empire was governed by an orthodox emperor. In those days, the "Rhos" (Russians), as the Byzantine Greeks called the Scandinavian conquerors, declared that "Constantinople must become their capital because the Greeks were mere women, and the Russians bloodmen." Afterwards, when a Russian grand prince was about to be converted to the orthodox Greek faith, his plea was, that Constantinople should become his residence "because it suits the dignity of the ruler of Russia to receive baptism in the capital of eastern Christendom.

Under various pretexts, these attempts at conquest, in which certainly an imperial ambition was involved, were made, off and on, from the ninth to the middle of the eleventh century. They failed, however, repeatedly; and then came the terrible catastrophe of the Mongol irruption, facilitated by dynastic feuds among the rulers of the various Russian principalities. That second, Asiatic, conquest bowed the country under the yoke of the Khanate

for about two hundred and fifty years, and shut it off from Europe as by a Chinese Wall.

All independent modern Russian writers agree in stating that the long Mongol dominion sadly affected the character of the population throughout the land. With the exception of Novgorod and the few kindred communities in the North, the spirit of freedom had scarcely existed in Russia even before, among the mass of the people. But the Tatar yoke wrought a fearful change for the worse.

Political slavery [writes Prince Peter Dolgorukow, whose family traces its descent from Rurik, in his work, "*La Vérité sur la Russie*"] destroyed all feeling of personal dignity. The Russian rulers were compelled to go to the Horde of the Tatar Khan in order to receive the investiture for their States. Admitted to the presence of the khan, they had to remain on their knees before him. Having left his tent, they had still to pay an assiduous and obsequious homage to the most influential men of the Mongol Horde. If they incurred the khan's disgrace, they were loaded with chains, tortured, killed. No humiliation was spared to them. When they had bought their investiture very dearly, they went back to render the yoke of their own subjects more heavy, in order to indemnify themselves, by tyranny and by exactions, for the insults they had had to bear among the Horde. The laws were altered; the manners became of a harshness and a barbarism unknown until then. From corporal punishment nobody was exempt; not even those highest in office—neither the boyars, nor even the members of the princely houses, who hailed from Rurik.

A most repulsive picture of the bondage of all classes of the Muscovite nation is given in a famous little work, written by the French Captain Margeret, and published at Paris in 1607, at the order of Henry IV. Margeret had served under Czar Boris Godunow, and afterwards under the first pseudo-Demetrius. It was at the time when Russia was shaken by long dynastic and civil wars, and usurpers started up in all directions, whilst the Poles rushed in with an army and took possession, for a time, of Moscow

itself. The account of Margeret, as to despotic rule in Russia, tallies to the fullest extent with what Herberstein had seen nearly a century before. Speaking of the State Council, the French captain says:—

"There is no fixed number to this Council; for it entirely depends on the emperor to appoint as many of them as it pleases him. The Privy Council, when matters of high importance are at issue, is usually composed of the nearest relatives of imperial blood. By way of outward form, the advice of the Church dignitaries is taken, the Patriarch being summoned to the Council with some bishops. But, properly speaking, there is neither law, nor Council. There is nothing but the will of the emperor, be it good or bad, who is free to waste everything with fire and sword, to strike alike the innocent and the guilty. I hold him to be one of the most absolute monarchs in the world; for all the inhabitants of the country, whether nobles or commoners, even the emperor's own brothers, call themselves *clops hospodare*—that is, slaves of the emperor."

The title of Margeret's book is: "*Estat de l'Empire de Russie et Grande Duché de Moscovie; avec ce qui s'y est passé de plus mémorable et tragique, pendant de règne de quatre Empereurs: à sçavoir depuis l'an 1590, iusques en l'an 1606, en Septembre.*" Here the title of emperor is fully indicated. Margeret, moreover, makes the clearest possible distinction between the title of "czar" and that of "emperor." The earlier Russian rulers he quite correctly calls grand dukes, that is, grand princes. Of the later monarchs he speaks as czars of Russia and grand dukes of Muscovy. Then he alleges that Ivan II. Wassiljewitch had first received the title of emperor from Maximilian, the emperor of the Romans (the German emperor) after the conquest of Kasan, Astrakhan, and Siberia "*Johannes Basilius, le quel a premier receu le tiltre d'Empereur par Maximilian Empereur des Romains après les conquestes de Casan, Astrakhan, et Siberie.*"

In this latter statement, Captain

Margeret, or course, simply reported what he had been told in Russia. He was not aware that he had been deceived by men at court, who gave a fictitious account of the origin of the title. The elected head of the "Holy Roman empire of the German nation" was, in those days, still held to be the sovereign source of much princely power even beyond the boundaries of his immediate dominion. This will explain why the courtiers and scribes of Russian rulers, after their country had been freed from the Tatar yoke, should have tried to father the creation of their own newly assumed title upon the monarch who, since the early Middle Ages, was looked upon as the successor of the ancient Roman Empire.

Margeret had been commander of the Imperial Russian Life-Guard, and was at one time much thrown together with persons at court. Of the squabbles which arose about the new imperial title, he writes in his prattling style:—

Thus, when Theodor Johannes [Fedor Ivanowitch], Zar of Russia, had raised the siege of Narva, before which he had lain, and when the ambassadors and deputies of both parties were assembled, in order to conclude peace between Russia and Sweden, they wrangled for more than two days about that title of emperor, which Theodor claimed, whilst the Swedes would not acknowledge him as such. The Russians say that the word "Zar" is even greater than the word "Emperor;" and so an agreement was made that they would always call him Zar and Grand-Duke of Muscovy; each party thinking that it had deceived the other by that word "Zar." The King of Poland writes to them [to the Russian monarchs] in the same way. The Emperor of the Romans [the German emperor] gives him the title of Emperor; and the late Queen Elizabeth did the same, as does also the King of Great Britain, the King of Denmark, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, the King of Persia; and all those of Asia give him the titles he chooses to assume. As to the Turk, seeing that there was between them, at my time, neither correspondence nor any intercourse by envoys, I do not know what title he gives them.

Czar Feodor Ivanowitch, who is mentioned in the above quotation, was the

last monarch of the race of Rurik. He was a soft-witted creature, a weak ruler, a sort of Muscovite Romulus Augustulus; his government being practically in the hands of Boris Godunoff, the grandson of a Tatar Mirza, who afterwards became a usurper czar. Yet Feodor, too, clung to the claim of the imperial title, even as his predecessor, Ivan the Terrible, had done.

In the second half of the sixteenth century, this imperial Russian title was certainly acknowledged by English sovereigns. Sufficient proof of it is contained in Richard Hakluyt's work: "Principal Navigations, Voiages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea and Over-land, to the remotest and farthest distant quarters of the Earth. London: 1598." There is "The copie of the Duke of Moscoule and Emperour of Russia his letters, sent to King Edward the Sixt, by the hands of Richard Chancellour." It begins thus: "We, great Duke Ivan Vasilivich, by the grace of God great lord and Emperor of all Russia, great Duke of Volodomer, Mosco, and Novograd, King of Kasan, King of Astracan, lord of Plesko, and great Duke of Smolensko," etc. Richard Chancellor also speaks of the Russian "Emperours or Dukes." He says: "This Duke is Lord and Emperour of many countreys, and his power is marvellous great." Sir Hugh Willoughby also calls the Russian monarchs "Emperours." The title of the then ruling czar, he reports, was loudly pronounced at court as "the great Duke of Moscovie and chiefe Emperour of Russia, John Basiliwich." Again, John Hasse and others always mention the czar under the appellation of "the Emperour of Russia."

In the report of his voyage to Russia, Anthony Jenkinson wrote:—

The Emperour's name in their tongue is Ivan Vasilivich, that is as much as to say, John the sonne of Vasilie, and by princely state he is called Otesara, as his predecessors have bene before, which to interpret, is a king that giveth not tribute to any man. And this word

Otesara his maiesties interpreters have of late interpreted to be Emperour, so that now he is called Emperour and great Duke of all Russia. . . . Before his father they were neither called Emperours nor kings, but only Ruese [evidently a misprint for Knese] Velike, that is to say, great Duke.

In the "Letters of King Philip and Queen Marie to Ivan Vasilivich, the Emperour of Russia," we have a proof of the recognition of this title by the English government in 1555. Again, we find that title in "The first Privileges graunted by the Emperour of Russia to the English Marchants in the yere 1555." So also in "Articles conceived and determined for the Commission of the Merchants of this Company resiant in Russia." The same title appears in the following year (1556) in "A Discourse of the honourable receiving into England of the first Ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia." From Elizabeth's time there is an order of the queen's keeper of the seals, Sir Nicholas Bacon, addressed to Thomas Cotton, the under-clerk of the hamper. It is dated June, 1561, and also contains the same title: "Emperour of Russia."

The Poles, who did not acknowledge this designation, were rather offended by the very friendly relations then established between the English and the Russian sovereigns. There is a letter of Sigismund, the king of the Polish republic, to Queen Elizabeth, of March 3rd, 1568, in which he complains about matters of commercial intercourse, and speaks disparagingly of "the Muscovite who is not only the temporary foe of our kingdom, but the hereditary enemy of all free nations."

It will not be wondered at, after the foregoing evidence, that Captain Margeret, who had served in Russia for many years, should always speak of the imperial throne, the empire, the emperor, and the empress. In doing so, he was certainly not gulded by a courtier's subserviency; for he draws a picture of the barbaric, benighted and immoral character of the people, as well as of the corresponding qualities of its

despotic rulers, which could not possibly be more severe. Poland, on the other hand, he declares to be "a free country, of noble and pleasant manners," where "people know what polite conduct is (*que c'est que du monde*)."

English royalty, even in those days, did not mind very much recognizing any title a foreign monarch might assume, or be pleased to be addressed with. Thus, in 1561, there are "The Queenes Maiesties Letters to the Great Sophy of Persia," in which that Asiatic monarch is also styled "Imperator" and "emperour." Yet, though Queen Elizabeth acknowledged Czar Ivan the Terrible as emperor, she, in her diplomatic relations with Russia, did not assume the title of empress for herself.

During the long civil wars which followed the extinction of the Rurik dynasty, the imperial title was still claimed—as is patent from the facts here given—by upstart usurper czars. In 1613 a new dynasty was chosen, to put an end to the rule of Pretenders. Michael Romanoff, the son of Philaret, the Metropolitan of Rostoff, was elected by a kind of States-General convoked for the purpose. There had been various candidates; but a letter, said to be written by Philaret, having been placed before the Assembly, which was couched in terms advocating Constitutional government, the son of that Church dignitary was elected. The letter said that the Assembly ought not to confer irresponsible power upon the monarch whom they would appoint, but that the legislative power should be divided between the czar, the house of Boyars, and the States-General. The oath imposed upon Michael Romanoff was therefore to the effect that he should neither decree laws, nor declare war, nor conclude treaties of peace or alliance, nor inflict capital punishment, or confiscation of property, upon any person, except with the assent of the Boyars and the Parliament.

Afterwards this letter, when it had served its purpose, was declared to be a forgery. A few years later, the young czar ordered the charter of 1613 to be

destroyed, and to be replaced by another, in which it was laid down that Michael Romanoff was elected czar "and Autocrat" of all the Russias. Gradually, the convocation even of a merely consultative Assembly became less and less frequent. Finally, its existence was altogether done away with. After 1682 no convocation took place any more—except once, under Catherine II., for a mere temporary object.

It is to these sporadic cases of States-General, if they may be called so, and to a charter enshrouded in some historical doubt, that Russian Liberals have in our time, now and then, referred as to a precedent. At least they did so in writings published abroad; Russian censorship having forbidden the subject to be touched upon at all. Peter I., Catherine I., Peter II., Anna, Elizabeth, Peter III., Catherine II., Paul I., Alexander I., Nicholas I., Alexander II., Alexander III., all ruled on the strict autocratic principle, which Nicholas II. is still bent upon continuing. Peter I., the Great, enlarged upon it by extending the liability to corporal punishment from the nobility to the imperial family itself. He had his own sisters whipped! He put his own son to the torture, who died from it. He, too, took a delight in chopping off the heads of a row of political offenders, whilst quaffing brandy between each fatal stroke of his reddened axe. It was Sultanism with a vengeance. This Peter the Great assumed, or resumed, the title of emperor, which had been claimed, borne, or recognized nearly two centuries before. Considering the full historical evidence before us, it is strange that so unquestionable a fact should be forgotten even by prominent writers. But just as there are "lost sciences" which had been known to antiquity, and are re-discovered as perfectly new, so there are historical facts also over which a wave of forgetfulness is allowed to pass, until they are brought to light once more from their extraordinary entombment.

May, 1896.

From The Contemporary Review.
A PLEA FOR RUSSIA.

How many are there of those who inveigh against Russian "perfidy" who have ever been to Russia or have even seen a Russian? In my own case, if chance had not taken me to a remote corner of the world, where a number of Russian officials and merchants were settled (temporarily, like myself), and if I had not been led to study Russian in order to kill time, I should never have visited Russia; and if I had never visited Russia I should never have modified my preconceived opinion of what the Russians were. I am therefore an exceptional case. I have had the unusual good fortune to live amongst Russians of the official and mercantile classes, to have studied Russian, and to have travelled all over Russia; and yet I feel myself ignorant. What, then, must be the condition of those who, at best, have only the same newspaper and book facilities for informing themselves that I have, and who have never had even my limited experience? I have never seen a single Russian except as above stated, and therefore I presume the vast majority of my countrymen cannot of their own experience know anything about that interesting people.

Before I enter upon my plea I will narrate an amusing incident, which is strictly true, by way of illustrating how international misunderstandings may arise, and how often the supposed "perfidy" and "diplomacy" of this or that country is simply the result of drifting, blundering, or accident. Instead of the Sino-Japanese conflict which has just stirred up the world, imagine a parallel complication in quite another corner of the earth, where Russia and several other great powers were eagerly watching opportunities; where each one was suspecting the other of a "grab" policy; where none were prepared to take action; and where it is quite certain that most of the powers concerned had not yet even formed the embryo of a conception what they really wanted. A high official, anxious

to do me a good turn, had resolved to recommend me for a subordinate post at a small town near the "centre of volcanic disturbance." He suddenly died, and his successor, not quite knowing what the deceased had promised, or how far the still higher powers would agree to his propositions, sent me to take up the post in question. My sudden appearance upon the scene naturally attracted attention; but I had no sooner got into my house than a telegram from a comparatively subordinate official arrived, ordering me to proceed elsewhere. Meanwhile the higher powers decided that the proposed post was not a public necessity, and my erratic movements caused quite a flutter amongst the diplomatic representatives, who in vain tried to cudgel their brains to find an explanation. The very last thing that any one suspected was a blunder pure and simple. My own reputation as a minor diplomat was immensely enhanced; I was regarded as a "dark horse" and a profound schemer, and the way was abundantly prepared for years of unfounded suspicions on both the Russian and other sides. A year afterwards another ridiculous event took place. An obscure clerk attached to one of the *chancelleries* made a mistake touching the armed force which, it was rumored, a certain power had paraded at a given spot. The rumor was correct, and if accurately repeated would have been of no importance whatever: rather the reverse; it would have proved a continuity of action and the absence of change on the suspected power's part. The mistaken version was, however, telegraphed all over the world; imaginary armies and real fleets were moved by half-a-dozen powers; massacres nearly took place; dreadful enmities were engendered between rival diplomats; more than one reputation was blasted; and to my certain knowledge the Russians, who were totally blameless in the matter, from the czar downwards, felt bound to believe that they had been treated with perfidy. On another occasion I happened to be with the Russian *chargé d'affaires* at a

small European Court when a rumor reached us by telegraph that "there would be war; the Turks had crossed the frontier." The Russian minister having just gone on leave, the *chargé d'affaires* (who was quite the average "smart" Russian) had every opportunity to make mischief if he chose; yet I was witness to the fact that he exerted his influence against the intriguers, who were, from the English point of view, working in Russia's favor. I have no desire to make mischief myself, even retrospectively, and therefore I do not say whether I am American or English, or whether, indeed, I belong to an English-speaking State at all, at least so far as the official posts I held were concerned. I merely state the facts as they will easily be remembered by those who were mixed up in the respective affairs.

Now, then, what has Russia done? Until a hundred years ago the whole of Siberia was an unknown waste, the total population not exceeding that of the city of London. The wretched Samoyeds, Chukchi, Kamchadales, Buriats, and Tunguses, who thinly populated certain corners of it, lived a life very little removed from that of brute beasts. Now all these people have the advantage of regular markets; many of them are Christians, though the Russians do not press their religion forcibly down the throats of foreigners. Highroads run from the Pacific to the Atlantic; official post-horses convey the traveller safely and cheaply from every town of the slightest importance to the main road joining Irkutsk with Nijni-Novgorod; steamers cross the Baikal and ply regularly up and down the Amur, Usuri, etc.; the new railway has already been opened as far as Tiumen, and will soon take us in six days from the Urals to the Pacific; the wretched Usbek khanates of Bokhara, Khiva, etc., which a generation ago were dangerous hotbeds of Mahometan fanaticism, unsafe for any Christian white man to visit, are now as mild as "sucking-doves." The barbarous Turkomans have been reduced to order; trade flourishes in the Samarcand region, and

indeed all along the Turkestan and Chinese frontier; the Afghanistan and Pamir questions have been provisionally if not permanently settled, and Russia injures us in no way whatever.

As to her desiring a port free from the ice in winter, why on earth should she not have it? This, of course, is quite independent of the question whether the British naval position in the Far East is likely to be threatened by Russia's purchasing or seizing a port which would interrupt British communications in time of war. For purposes of her own, Russia has now a large fleet in Chinese waters; why, is no particular business of other powers to question. Surely, as she has the fleet, it is reasonable that she should have some place to float it in. At present the Chinese have given her permission to winter her fleet in the bay of Kiaochou, on the south side of the Shan Tung peninsula; but there seems to be nothing to prevent the fleets of other powers from going there if they choose. Besides, the Japanese still hold Weihai Wei on the north side of the same peninsula, as security for the proper carrying out of their agreements with China; and as Russia openly objected to one clause in the Shimonoseki treaty, and made a naval demonstration with a view to preventing the permanent occupation of Liao Tung by Japan, surely it is a corollary of Russia's first action on behalf of China that China should facilitate its completion in case circumstances require it. Could anything be more monstrous than the claim of another power that the action of Russia's fleet in Chinese waters must be confined to the summer season? China has no fleet now. The German fleet is almost beneath notice. The French fleet has plenty of work to do further south. Unless the Russian fleet be at hand to see justice done to China, what is to prevent the Japanese from demonstrating in the Gulf of Liao Tung whenever affairs take a turn against what they suppose to be their interests? Finally, Russia is a first-class power, with a navy of at least the highest rank in the second class.

Apart from the experiences she has had in Europe, where for two centuries she has been cooped up in the Baltic and Black Seas (in both cases frozen in as well), is it reasonable to expect a great power to consent to the self-effacement involved in confining her naval base to such a port as Vladivostok? Moreover, the audacious activity of the British admiral in 1886, when one fine morning the Russians awoke to discover that he had entered that naval harbor unobserved with a large squadron, and was quietly lying at anchor under their very noses, notwithstanding the supposed torpedoes which were guarding the entrance, was of itself sufficient to rouse the Russians from their lethargy, and to set them looking for a larger field for their naval evolutions than the coast between Nagasaki and Possiet. It is a perfectly fair diplomatic argument that if Russia permanently strengthens her naval base, we have an equal natural right to purchase or conquer counter-privileges for ourselves by, for instance, arranging with China, Corea, or Japan, for the transfer of an island or a harbor; but so long as Russia is cautious and sagacious enough only to stipulate for privileges which we also are at liberty, under the most favored nation clause, to enjoy, so long is it silly to rail at Russian "perfidy;" it behoves us rather to exercise the same prudence in our own diplomacy, and to take quiet but firm measures to redress the lost balance, if lost it be.

How many people in England have studied the Russian character for themselves? I entered Russia for the first time by way of Teschen in Austrian Silesia, full of all the prejudices which I had been taught in my youth to harbor and cherish. When I first saw the booted officials, underwent their summary dealings with my passports and my baggage, and witnessed generally their absolute air of authority, I felt that my worst anticipations were about to be realized, and that I was in the land and the clutches of human ogres. But I soon found that, formalities once

over, the Russian railway officials were excellent, kind-hearted fellows. I was particularly struck with the fact that they were as obliging to the poor as to the rich. None of the overbearing, boorish snappishness of the German (though I must allow that of late years even the Germans have improved); none of the peevish, impatient spitefulness of the French, or the arbitrary coldness of the American "conductors;" my experience was that the Russians had all the good qualities of the English—in which, of course, I include Irish and Scotch—who are universally admitted to be the most obliging of railway officials; and with this further advantage, that in Russia, "tips," though of course acceptable, are not a *sine qua non*. I have been over every railway system in Europe and America, and I unhesitatingly affirm that the Russian railway arrangements are ahead of them all, so far at least as the refreshment department is concerned. Halts of two minutes in every twenty, five in every hour, and ten or twenty every three or four hours, with ample time for "square meals," may seem excessive to some; but it must be remembered that all lines are single, so that in any case there must be delays for shunting and passing; distances are enormous, and appetites cannot be summoned at a moment's notice; business generally is not so urgent as it is in more populous countries. It must also be remembered that, though Russia will soon count her hundred million, yet her area is so great that this makes a very small number of persons per square mile. The greater part of Russia is a flat, scrubby, marshy, dismal plain, with towns few and far between. Accordingly, her railways are suitable for long distances; all the best and none of the worst points in the American system are there. Even the third-class carriages have a proper retiring-room, lavatory, and supply of drinking water. The prices at all refreshment stations are fixed by law; there is no delay, no bargaining; and the quality is good, especially that of the tea, which is

served boiling hot, in tumblers, with lemon in place of milk.

At the time I was in St. Petersburg the Czar Alexander II. had only recently been assassinated, so, of course, suspicious characters (which all strangers, native or foreign, naturally are) were watched more closely than usual. But after once my passports had been exhibited, I was never interfered with in the slightest degree—and this holds good for the whole of Russia—until I reached Odessa, where the governor readily acceded to my request (contrary to rule) to be allowed to depart that same day, without awaiting the usual lapse of three days for inquiries to be made. I was never asked a police question of any sort in the interior, was only once called upon to exhibit my passport, and everywhere found all classes of Russians to be the most good-natured, easy-going, obliging, and inoffensive people. Moscow and Odessa are as civilized in every way as St. Petersburg; that is to say, as to telegraphs, trams, newspapers, shops, hotels, and creature comforts generally; they are second only to Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna. Travellers must be prepared for a certain amount of roughing it in other towns; and unless they speak a little Russian they will certainly not enjoy themselves very freely. But Russia is not to be blamed for not civilizing herself all in a generation. Two centuries ago Russia, only just emerging from a long period of Tartar domination, had barely succeeded in regaining that degree of settled and material civilization which she had already acquired before the Mongol conquests began; but it must not be forgotten that, even in Elizabeth's time, in London itself, wattle houses were only just beginning to be superseded by brick and stone; reeds and straw by carpets; horn and paper by glass windows. The saying that "you have only to scratch a Russian to find a Tartar" may be figuratively true so far as the masses and their gross habits are concerned; but it is absurd to suppose for an instant that the Russians are anything but an Aryan race

like ourselves. To this very day their numerals may almost be described as being good Sanskrit. Nor must it be forgotten that until Alexander II. freed the serfs, nearly the whole population consisted a generation ago of agricultural "villeins," much after the style of the conquered English of the eleventh century. But at present there is no country in Europe where more is being done by the government for the development of the masses, the improvement of intercommunications, and the encouragement of trade. True, there is official corruption; but what was English public life a century ago? What was the conduct of voters a single generation back? How about the Panama scandals in France, and "lobbying" in the United States? The vice of spirit-drinking to excess is only too apparent in Russia; even the popes or priests are no more ashamed to be seen drunk than were English statesmen at the beginning of this century. But revenue considerations cannot be grudged to Russia by a nation which supports an opium monopoly in India, and which spends over £200,000,000 a year on its own drink. Moreover, the climate has to be considered; inhabitants of all cold countries, be they Mongols, Russ, Swedes, Lapps, Scotchmen, or Esquimaux, have all this failing. Finally, the recent crusade against the Jews of Russia was, put in more favorable language, simply a determined effort on the part of the late czar to check the ruinous habit, growing in such alarming proportions, of mortgaging the *mujiks'* property to Hebrew liquor farmers. Persons who undertake the defence of a rival nationality are apt to be carried away and go to the other extreme. Therefore I will not deny that the Russians have their weak points. They are, comparatively speaking, a slovenly and grimy race, "of doubtful linen," although, as a matter of fact, they take more hot baths, man for man, than do the British people hot and cold put together, and their grime is largely owing to their calling, their poverty, and their climate. Practically, there are only

two seasons, winter and summer, and summer is so short that there is hardly time to shake off sheepskins and take an airing before the bleak wind forces the *mujiks* to put them on again. The majority of Russians are tricky and untruthful, as is always the case with people who for centuries have been ground down by oppressors and left in a condition of crass ignorance. It is only fair to observe, however, that this characteristic tends to disappear in soldiers, seamen, and others who are subjected to regular discipline; in the now gradually rising *bourgeois* classes; and, generally speaking, in those handling civilized tools in any form, such as men of science, engineers, manufacturers, the higher class of artisans, and so on. Still, it is foolish to attempt to deny the national defect; the utmost we can do is to palliate it by the reflection that, at all events, it is usually coupled by a good-natured, live-and-let-live, tolerant blarney, and deceives no man who has his wits about him. It is a fact that the Russians, as a race, are inclined to be procrastinating, unpunctual, forgetful, idle, and, in a word, unbusinesslike. On the other hand, there could not be a greater mistake than to suppose, as is generally supposed in England, that the average Russian is a truculent individual. On the contrary, the Russians are one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of peoples, in addition to which there is a natural and deep-seated earnestness, piety, and devotion of character, devoid of cynical fickleness, militant aggressiveness, or namby-pamby Mrs. Grundyism. There is something extremely natural and appropriate about Russian development, which leaves upon one the impression that a humble and timid race has just successfully emerged from a dark age of oppression and starvation; that it knows its own weaknesses and the poverty of its surroundings; that it eyes with emulous respect, without envy, the superior advantages of neighboring peoples, and is resolved to plod on, wearily but manfully, until it obtains a share of these good things for

itself. There is nothing of the self-complacent Yankee, the contemptuous "Britisher," the jealous, spiteful Frenchman, the greedy, underhand German, the haughty Spaniard, mean, treacherous Italian, or selfish Dutchman, about the ideal Russian. I do not mean to say that the above enumerated weak points are the essential characteristics of the peoples mentioned; nor do I assert that all Russians are free from these failings. I rather style them the points which a psychological caricaturist would select to express a popular emotion bred of race differences. There is nothing mean in the Russian thus psychologically caricatured; with all his dirty linen, unbusinesslike ways, chicanery, untruthfulness, forgetfulness, and corruption generally, he is friendly, unarrogant, kindly, loyal, full of dog-like gratitude, earnest, unashamed of his religion, doggedly patient and faithful, and never stingy or a coward. British military and naval officers invariably find their Russian colleagues, rivals, or enemies—as the case may be—"good fellows."

I do not conceal from myself that these characteristics of the main body of Russians are often conspicuously absent from the diplomatic body, that infinitely small minority—practically the same in all European countries—which pulls the strings of the international Punch and Judy show, or, as Sir Edward Malet puts it, represents the buttons of the garment of decency which covers or conceals the national jealousies and hates. Diplomats, clubs, dress-coats, official dinners, and all the paraphernalia of what is called "society" are almost exactly the same, whether you are in Constantinople, Washington, or Paris. The masses have nothing to do with this phase of national idiosyncrasy, or rather national obliteration. The ways of diplomats are everywhere the same. The taxpayer must not fondly imagine that their sole occupations consist in poring over blue-books or yellow-books, receiving spies in secret cabinets, copying acres of despatches, wrestling with

champions in the lying art, and forming delicate combinations of policy. The average diplomat, be he Russian or English, is bored to death for half his time, more especially at the semi-civilized and humdrum courts. His chief preoccupations are getting leave and killing time, making two ends meet, trying to get acting posts or "missions to report," and endeavoring to evade the unpleasant duty of copying as much as possible. The duties of diplomacy come, like a game at football, quite incidentally into his daily life, nor do the "diplomatic arts" he is instinctively impelled to use in order to win the game and gain "kudos," worry his conscience or harass his sleep any more than do the tricks of the football player. Outsiders are just as apt to exaggerate the unscrupulousness of the diplomat's efforts on behalf of his country as they are to over-estimate the importance of his calculations. To watch how the cat is likely to jump, how the ball is likely to move, take advantage of it, acquire renown and pleasurable excitement by winning the game—this is all. A smart thing may occasionally be done by unusual luck; but, after all, there is not much in diplomacy, and the press of rival States is apt to excite its readers unduly by taking too serious a view of diplomatic perfidy. How many points of difference are there between Russia and Great Britain? So far as ninety-nine hundredths of the Russian coasts and Russian frontiers are concerned, none whatever. The trade with Russia is enormous; it may be subject to shackles which we don't like; but in what way do the Russians treat our traders less generously than do the French, the Germans, the Americans, or any other rival nation? Moreover, though we may grumble at the treatment our merchants receive in these days of our free-trade, it must not be forgotten that our own Navigation Laws, Corn Laws, and Commercial Tariffs were very harsh, and jealously calculated against all foreigners until the queen's reign. Personal points of difference there are none. Englishmen are always well

treated in Russia; one hardly ever hears of official rudeness or breach of hospitality. Facilities have been readily granted to English missionaries to examine the gaols and the prison life; English or American explorers, such as Burnaby, Schuyler, and Younghusband, have been courteously received even in districts where no foreigner could reasonably be expected to go without exciting suspicion; Russian army and naval officers invariably get on well with their British colleagues; and Russian officials are always ready to stretch a point in order to humor the persistent free-born Briton. What particular perfidy has Russia shown? The old story of Peter the Great's will and Constantinople is still there. Since Peter the Great conceived his ideas of vaulting ambition, we have annexed numerous Indian States, Burmah, Hong-Kong, a great part of Malaya, a million square miles in Africa, Fiji, and (to go to the sultan's own dominions) in a temporary sense, Egypt. Has Russia been less gentle to the Turk than we have been? Has she appropriated more of the sultan's dominions? Has she annexed more khanates in Central Asia than we have done kingdoms or principalities in India? Have not Khiva, Bokhara, Kokhand, and the Turkomans, improved vastly under her Christian rule? In what way has Russia's presence in Asia really injured our interests in India? Russia may want a port in Corea free from the ice. We ourselves should also be much the better off for a naval station farther north than Hong-Kong. But Russia, during the scare of 1885 consequent on the Penjdeh incident, never occupied any Korean territory as we did Port Hamilton. Russia, on the whole, treated China very justly and generously in the Ill question of 1880, nor has Russia attempted to take undue advantage of Chinese weakness in those parts since her defeat by Japan. Russia has made a very reasonable settlement with us in the Pamir region. Certainly the Russian press is often full of virulent articles against Great Britain, but are not all the presses of Europe, the Brit-

ish press included, in a chronic state of diatribe one against the other? The Russian government, which is supposed to be so absolute, is only too glad to allow the press full liberty in criticising foreign countries—if possible, to the advantage of Russian patriotic sentiment—so long as it will leave the administration alone to deal with the urgent questions of the day at home.

There seems to be no reason whatever why we should not be friends with Russia politically, as we are socially, offering her a helping hand in every reasonable way, and making it to be her interest to lend us a helping hand too. Sooner or later the rotten Turkish Empire must go; the wonder is that Christian Europe has tolerated so long a barbarous Tartar tyranny in its midst. Russia had two centuries of Tartar experience under the grinding tyranny of the Mongols, and when the Turks have cleared out "bag and baggage" as a political power, the wonder will only be why they were not driven away before. Of course, it is only as a political power that they are doomed to extinction. The industrious Mussulman peasants will find as perfect protection under the Russian, English, or French flags, as do now the remnants of the Mongol hordes in Kazan and the Caucasus, the Cypriots, and the Moors. With a powerful government at our head, and with six or seven years of steady popular support in prospect, there is no reason whatever why the whole Eastern question should not be settled in a dispassionate, friendly way, both with Russia and with France. Nor is there any reason why Russia and England should not come to an understanding, with or without the co-operation of China and Japan, regarding the future of Corea.

To sum up, there is no ingrained hostility whatever between the Russian and the English peoples. Russian civilization, though later than, and consequently behind the English, is doing as much for the improvement of Asia as is English civilization. Life and property are as safe for Englishmen in Russia as for Russians in the Brit-

ish Empire; there is no political antagonism necessary. Though the unconditional presence of Russia at Constantinople or in Corea might threaten our commercial interests, there is no reason why a fair arrangement should not be come to, under which all powers concerned may share proportionately in the settlement. The press of Great Britain has, by the prudence and self-restraint of its utterances, placed itself and the country in a very favorable position in view of the Venezuela and Transvaal difficulties; it is to be desired that the asperities of national feeling, so far as they exist on either side in ignorance, may be gradually softened down by the practice of the same moderation in Russian matters. Such moderation and good feeling are certain to be reciprocated, and the result will inevitably tend to bring about that great desideratum, a thoroughly straightforward understanding between Great Britain and Russia.

E. H. P.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE LIVING OF EAST WISPERS.

I.

East Wispers, at this time, was in the prayers of the unbeneficed clergy of the diocese. "I wish the bishop would offer it to you, Wilfrid," Mrs. Hepburn said.

"I hardly think that is likely, Caroline. It is an important living; and there are so many able men waiting for preferment."

"Most of them watch as well as wait; some of them act," said Mrs. Hepburn. She knitted in silence awhile. Mr. Hepburn drew down the blind, the sun being in his wife's eyes; he was an acute observer of little things, as touching those he loved. "Why is it, Wilfrid, that the bishop has ignored your claims all these years?"

"I don't know, Caroline. My claims?" said Mr. Hepburn absently.

"He persistently passes you over, as if you were of no account. It would make me angry if I were a man. It is far from considerate of him to expect you to be always a curate; and a new vicar might turn you adrift; it is often done, when they bring their own curates, or have daughters, and prefer unmarried men."

"Caroline!"

"Well, you know what happened at St. Peter's; though, to be sure nothing came of that experiment, I am glad to say."

"Caroline!"

"And Mr. Lane was a long time out before he got the workhouse chaplaincy; nor was that the bishop's appointment. His policy appears to be to give good livings only to rich men."

"I have heard his lordship remark on the disadvantages of a poor beneficed clergy," Mr. Hepburn said. "He means well, I am sure."

"I dare say he does. There is a place said to be paved with good intentions. I have thought what a very pathetic pavement that must be."

"Caroline!"

Mrs. Hepburn blushed and held down her head; she had hardly meant to say this bitter thing. She was a stout, healthy lady, and had something of a style in walk and manner. She would have made an admirable provincial mayoress; and she had been known (in Mr. Hepburn's absence) to smile at mild profanity. She was too robust to have visions; passing Sisters of Mercy in the street, Mrs. Hepburn would raise her handsome head, in a kind of instinctive pitying wonderment, as one who should say, *Foolish, foolish virgins!* "The bishop," she went on, "seems to think nothing of long and devoted service. I have induced Mr. Grant two or three times to write appreciatively of you in the *Herald*, and the page (marked) has been sent to him; but he has taken no notice."

"Mr. Grant has been most obliging, and I have reason to believe that he holds me in some esteem," said Mr. Hepburn. "But, Caroline, a reporter, even though he is a member of our

choir, can scarcely be expected to write in such a manner as would influence the bishop. His lordship moreover, I believe, has a prejudice against newspapers."

"I have seen him delay a meeting till the reporters came," Mrs. Hepburn observed.

"He may have had some momentous announcement to make."

Mrs. Hepburn sighed. "Still, I do think something ought to be done for you, Wilfrid. There might be some hope for us if the bishop, when he visits the town, would call and have tea with us, instead of always going to the houses of the rich people. I should take care to let him hear something that would open his eyes. It seems to me," said Mrs. Hepburn, with a break in her voice, "that even the Church is against the poor. The children are growing up, and of course, Wilfrid, our expenses increase. I keep things from you as much as I can. But Selina and Alice are become old enough to notice how other children are dressed; and, though I do not complain of this, I have not had a new gown for two years. If it were not for my brother, I don't know what we should do."

"Caroline," said Mr. Hepburn anxiously, "I shall not need that overcoat this winter."

"You must look respectable, Wilfrid; it is more important in your case than in ours. What do you think the bishop would say if he were to see you dressed shabbily? Cast him forth into outer darkness—"

"Oh Caroline, Caroline!"

"And then I can still make a point of going out only on wet days, when Gerald's fine cloak covers a multitude of sins. I can't work to-day," Mrs. Hepburn exclaimed; "I feel so peevish somehow."

"The weather is very trying," said Mr. Hepburn.

"It is not that, Wilfrid; it is East Wispers. Ah, dear, I wish you could understand that this hand-to-mouth existence is unjust to you and to us, and that it will continue until you move on your own behalf. Living

after living falls vacant, and nothing comes our way. The bishop might at least be given a little gentle reminder. I should like to be a friend of his pelican daughter; they say he proposes and she disposes. Thus the Church typifies Providence. Oh, I am not saying this to shock you, Wilfrid; but I have often wished that you were not so proud and sensitive. And I can't really see what harm there would be in speaking to the bishop about East Wispers. It is in his gift, and he may not, after all, know that you have been so shamefully neglected. Wilfrid, I am utterly tired of this dull, hopeless monotony of life; this miserable struggle, year after year, to make ends meet and keep out of debt. We are actually worse off than many of the working people in the parish, and then the cruel mockery of our respectability!" Mrs. Hepburn rose, and made a magnificent figure at the window. "I spent a day at East Wispers rectory before I married you," she said; "and when I recall that delightful place—"

"Caroline, I can't speak to the bishop!" Mr. Hepburn cried.

She turned; his face was in his hands. "It is frequently done, Wilfrid. There is nothing disgraceful in making a reasonable request. If you were in any other profession you would have no hesitation in asking for advancement. Mr. Jardine, I am told, was at the Palace on Tuesday, and can you doubt that he went to urge his claims?"

Mr. Hepburn looked up. "Jardine?" he said. "You must have been misinformed, Caroline. It was Jardine who wrote that letter in the *Herald* on the need of a suffragan bishop for the diocese; an extremely strong letter to my mind."

"It was rude and malicious, a spiteful letter," Mrs. Hepburn said.

"I should call it hasty and perhaps unsympathetic," Mr. Hepburn admitted, "remembering the bishop's great age. And, having sent such a communication to the public press, Jardine would scarcely go to his lordship to ask a favor."

"Did he tell you he wrote it? It was anonymous."

"No; young Grant told me; he said he read it in manuscript before it appeared. Jardine was so particular about it that he went to the office to see the proof. The bishop, I understand, is much displeased at its appearance, as it insinuates (not too felicitously, I think) that he is getting too old for the adequate administration of the diocese. That is a subject on which his lordship is exceedingly susceptible. Mr. Medway was telling me that at the last Diocesan Conference he playfully questioned the bishop as to whether there was any truth in the rumor that a suffragan was to be appointed, and his lordship cried out, 'Not a word, not a word!' in quite a spirited way, and appeared to be greatly offended at the suggestion. It was injudicious, no doubt," Mr. Hepburn added, "of Grant to disclose, even to me, the authorship of the letter; but of course, Caroline, you will not betray his confidence."

"Certainly not; I don't suppose I shall think about it again. But if Mr. Jardine, after behaving in so ungentlemanly a way, could go to the bishop, why should you hesitate, Wilfrid?"

Mr. Hepburn shook his head.

"Wilfrid, I should not mind speaking to the bishop myself."

"That,—that would never, *never* do, Caroline!"

"I should really like to go, as I feel so sure I could persuade him to do something for us; if not now, then perhaps soon—"

"No, no, Caroline; you must not think of such a thing; it would be most unbecoming and unprecedented."

Mrs. Hepburn pulled up the blind, rather slowly, as though thinking of something, and stood in the sunshine. A young man passing raised his hat; she gave him a charming smile. "It is not easy," she said, "in the midst of deepening poverty, to regard precedent as quite sacred."

"The bishop would be shocked," Mr. Hepburn cried.

But to herself Mrs. Hepburn said: "I should like to so shock the old gentle-

man. It could not make matters worse than they are."

II.

Carriages were in waiting at the town-hall; the bishop's was drawn up under the portico. Four o'clock was come; the meeting, every one but the reforming layman seemed to think, had already been unreasonably long. The bishop (having renounced all affection to enthusiasm) leaned towards the secretary, who lowered his head reverentially. "This," whispered the bishop, "is the gentleman's fourth amendment. How do we stand? Is it possible for him to amend anything else?" The secretary smiled. "I hope," said the bishop, "he will have done reforming us out of existence in time for me to catch the next train." The secretary coughed; the dean coughed; the archdeacon (roused from a pleasant nap) coughed also, to show that he had been taking an intelligent interest in the proceedings. But the layman with ideas would be a-talking; he was young, not timid, and turned so deaf an ear to episcopal snubs that curates gasped, and hardened vicars imagined humorous things. Then end came at last, quite suddenly; the right-reverend chairman stopped a proposed vote of thanks to himself. "If," observed his lordship, "we would all do more and talk less, the Church at large would undoubtedly benefit." And as the clergy and laity, with many sighs of relief, rose, Mrs. Hepburn made her way to the bishop. He received her with the ripened courtesy of assured greatness, and invited her to walk with him along the corridor. There was no time to lose; the archdeacon was toddling behind, carrying a big black bag; so the lady, in eloquent urgency, and with some pathos, made her appeal. "I trust," she added, "I have not given offence to your lordship in mentioning this."

"Not at all, not at all; ladies are privileged persons," said the bishop. He smiled pleasantly, and folded his hands high up on his breast. With every other step he raised his fine old

head, as if determined to make these people understand that he was not beginning to stoop. "At the same time, Mrs. Hepburn, I regret I cannot offer you any positive assurance on the subject. Mr. Hepburn has not been forgotten. East Wispers has given us most anxious thought, to my daughter in particular, I may say, since the diocese owes so much to her; and we have got so far as the selection of two clergymen who appear to be most suited for this arduous parish; namely, your husband and Mr. Jardine."

"Mr. Jardine!" Mrs. Hepburn exclaimed involuntarily.

"While fully recognizing," said the bishop, "your husband's many excellent qualities, I cannot avoid the conclusion that Mr. Jardine has an advantage over him in having acquired just the experience which seems peculiarly to mark him out for such a parish."

"Mr. Jardine is unmarried, my lord. And your lordship may be aware that he is—not poor."

"Yes; that is in his favor. In the existing circumstances of the Church, when our schools make so great a demand on our resources, by reason of the ever-increasing faithlessness of the State, I am strongly of opinion that a parish clergyman should possess an independent income. This may appear hard; but the interests of the Church cannot be subordinated to personal feeling."

"Mr. Jardine is very young, my lord; and—we have a large family. If it were not for my brother's kindness, we could scarcely live in a manner becoming Mr. Hepburn's high calling."

"I am sorry to hear that; I hear it so frequently, and it always grieves me," said the bishop. "It is a most urgent and weighty problem, this upon which you touch; and I fail to comprehend how it is to be solved otherwise than by a larger and more consistent generosity on the part of the laity."

They had reached the street; a footman opened the door of the bishop's carriage; the archdeacon put the black bag on the seat.

"Then, my lord, we must give up all hope?" Mrs. Hepburn murmured.

"Oh, no, no. Nothing has yet been definitely decided, beyond the selection of what we consider the two most suitable persons. It will be one or the other. In any event, Mr. Hepburn may expect to hear from me. Pray assure him of my regard."

"The station," said the archdeacon, helping the bishop into the carriage.

"The workhouse, unless I do something," Mrs. Hepburn said to herself bitterly.

III.

On a misty warm morning, four days later, Mr. Hepburn (who had been taking the early celebration) came home looking pathetically pale and visionary. This, in Mrs. Hepburn's phrase, was his apostolic mood; and his remoteness at such times depressed her indefinitely, making her feel isolated and vagrant, as though they had been going in opposite directions all their married life. She had waited to breakfast with him, and he sat down to the table with a sacrificial air, which made her think of John the Baptist and locusts and wild honey. The bacon and eggs struck her as being curiously incongruous, and instinctively she pushed the dry toast towards him. The children were gone to school, and an unwonted quiet reigned in the house.

The talk was conventional for some while; Mr. Hepburn spoke mournfully of a young lady whose manner of going to the altar to communicate had deeply wounded his sense of Anglican propriety; then, somewhat abruptly abbreviating the ritual question, Mrs. Hepburn remarked on a sudden, there had been no news from the bishop yet.

"I do not suppose I have been in his lordship's thoughts," Mr. Hepburn said, in his preoccupied simple way. "The vicar appears to think that Mr. Jardine will be offered East Wispers."

"That is impossible now," Mrs. Hepburn said. "Quite impossible!"

The words tugged at Mr. Hepburn's

innocency, and brought him out of the clouds. "Why do you think so?" he asked.

"Mr. Jardine's chances of East Wispers are at an end." This she said in a kind of desperation. "I have effectually stopped his ambition in that quarter."

"Caroline, you cannot have seen the bishop."

"I have seen him," Mrs. Hepburn replied.

"Then—oh, Caroline, it is not possible that you can have betrayed Mr. Grant's confidence in me?"

"I spoke to the bishop when he was in the town last week. Yes; I mentioned East Wispers, and explained to him briefly about ourselves. I gave him to understand that I was acting solely on my own initiative. He told me that the choice lay between you and Mr. Jardine. I was strongly moved to acquaint him with the authorship of the anonymous letter in the *Herald*, but I refrained. There was no opportunity, and it was clear to me that more convincing proof was required. Wilfrid, can't you understand how natural it was for me to wish to do the best for you? I hope I have been a good wife—"

"Yes, yes, Caroline; but it was unwise to speak to the bishop. You cannot believe, on reflection, that it was in commendable taste."

"I have been so worried of late I have not had time to reflect."

"And then," said Mr. Hepburn, "you seem to have done something besides. What is it you have done, Caroline?"

"I may as well tell you everything now, Wilfrid. You will be grieved, I dare say; but all this is a heavier burden on my mind than I imagined it would be. I could not sleep last night. Indeed, I held back for two days before I could find courage to do it. Yet I don't say I am ashamed; it was absolutely necessary to do something, for the world is against us,—the world in the Church, where it expresses itself in the most torturing refinements of cruelty; and after all

I have done nothing worse than fight it with its own weapons."

"Tell me, tell me," Mr. Hepburn pleaded.

"Well, I called on Mr. Grant,—you know how devoted he is to you—and induced him to obtain for me the manuscript of Mr. Jardine's letter to his paper. I may not, perhaps, have been perfectly frank with him, and of course I feel sorry for that, and will some day apologize to him; but I do not see that I need be sorry for anything else. He was kind enough to bring the manuscript to me. It was in Mr. Jardine's handwriting, and I have sent it to the bishop."

Mr. Hepburn did not speak at once. He seemed like a man to whom a thing has happened beyond his comprehension. His chest fell in, and he sat with his ascetic white hands on the arms of his chair, like a copy of death. "It was a crime, Caroline. You tempted the young man to commit a theft."

"Wilfrid!"

"He took what did not belong to him. He may be sent to prison."

"But, Wilfrid, the manuscript was of no use to any one."

"You have put it to a dreadful use. I do not reproach you; we are one, Caroline; we have had many troubles, and have borne them hand in hand. But regard this as we may, it is a very, very serious breach of confidence."

"Mr. Grant would not betray me."

"He may not be able to help himself. Something is sure to come of this. The bishop's sense of duty, his abhorrence of wrong-doing, may prevent him from keeping silent."

"Wilfrid, you frighten me! You can't believe that I would sanction anything in the nature of a crime? Oh, I confess I may have been reckless and over-anxious; but it was for your sake and the children's,—and he would never bring my name into it!"

"The papers were not his to give to you or to any one. He could not have come by them lawfully."

"He assured me they would not be wanted; that they would never be missed; I think I promised to let him

have them back again; it seemed possible, somehow. They were all crumpled and full of holes, and covered with black marks. I believe I told him he was not to run any risk on my account."

"That does not make his conduct the less culpable. Should the bishop take action in the matter—and I do not see how he can avoid doing so—young Grant, who has been so good to me in many ways, will be professionally ruined, even if the law is not invoked."

"Oh, Wilfrid, you make me feel utterly miserable. I acted thoughtlessly, I admit; but I did not think it could be so serious as you make out."

"When did you send the manuscript to the bishop?"

"Only last night; I posted it myself, while you were at church."

"His lordship would receive it this morning. He may be reading it, in amazement and pain, at this very moment. Caroline, Caroline, this was not the way! We could never have been happy at East Wispers had we gone there by such methods. Last night, you say; I must go to the bishop at once. There is a train in a few minutes. Did,—did you enclose a note of your own?"

"No; I merely put the manuscript in an envelope and addressed it to the bishop at the Palace. I marked the envelope private,—at least, I think I did; I hardly knew what I was doing."

Mr. Hepburn had risen. "Last night," he said. "I remember you seemed so anxious. Can you give me money to pay the fare? Oh, Caroline, we must hope for the best. Hitherto God has been very merciful to us. Caroline, Caroline, we must not forget his loving-kindness."

IV.

Roses after rain, and on the roses sunshine, and in the sunshine bees and butterflies; high grey walls, birds calling to their young, an atmosphere of the sun to-day and of the things of long ago; an old palace in an old garden, and in the garden this simple,

contemplative gentleman, very miserable, very feeble, hopeless almost of prelatical forgiveness, yet tenderly resolute to make his appeal, whatever might come of it.

The cathedral bells rang; the catædral spires rose high in the blue and white sky; a white-robed throng might be moving through the stately aisles, if one could see them. The elusive subtle romance of the religious life, the imaginative throb of great tradition, the note of sanctity in environment; these are not for all minds, but they were for Mr. Hepburn's. Yet not to-day; in a normal mood he would have lingered affectionately, smiling a thankfulness beyond expression, in this pleasant garden, seeing wonderful and beautiful things with the inward sense which is created and fed by the heavenly vision. But this timid man, of fragile, fine character, was sorely afflicted, and not all the beauty of all the bishop's garden could give peace to his sad heart or ease the torment of his thoughts.

So Mr. Hepburn came at length to the place where he would be, to make his supplication; and white roses and red hung over him as he stood by the Palace door, the door through which prelates great and small had passed since the Saxon days, and the air was heavy with perfume. The bishop, the footman told him, was in London; he had been speaking in the House of Lords on the night before, but he was expected home that morning; the carriage, indeed, had gone to the station for his lordship. Mr. Hepburn expressing a wish to wait, the footman said in sympathy, "You seem tired, sir," and knowing him well, conducted him to the bishop's study, and there left him.

The study was small and ancient, and seemed haunted by invisible saintly presences and the voices of wise men. The windows were open and looked out on the garden, and the breeze made the roses incline this way, as if they would be where wisdom dwelt. Mr. Hepburn, from the high-backed chair, which had been given him, let his eyes wander timorously

about the room. He saw scarce anything in detail, yet was impressed deeply, as an epileptic prisoner (doubtful of the nature of his crime) might be in a Court of Assize. The minutes passed, and he grew more desolate and dreading. At last, his gaze resting on the bishop's table (the only table in the room), he perceived there a heap of letters.

The letters were apparently unopened; they would be waiting till the bishop should come. The curate knew how punctilious his Diocesan was about his correspondence. Nevertheless for some moments absolutely no speculation regarding the significance, the possibilities of this circumstance entered Mr. Hepburn's mind. His was a slow mind naturally; slower still to act where the opportunity of doubtful conduct was offered. On a sudden he raised his head in a startled nervous fashion, for it had occurred to him that, as the bishop had been in London since the previous day, probably he had not seen Caroline's letter containing Mr. Jardine's manuscript.

Mr. Hepburn moved uneasily in his chair; he glanced towards the door, the window, and drew his hand across his brow in a bewildered way. The servant had shut the door; he was alone in the study. His eyes were fixed again on the letters; he sighed heavily; a moisture appeared on his face. If Caroline's letter should be there!

He stood up; and as he moved to the table, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard. He was shaken spiritually rather than bodily; his hand did not tremble at all as it turned over the letters. Yes—here was Caroline's. He lifted it, held it over the other letters, his arm outstretched; then suddenly let it fall and stood gazing at it like a man who felt that he was tampering with the wrath of God. Then the bishop's voice came from the stair. Mr. Hepburn's hand touched the letter again, but was instantly withdrawn; his vital forces seemed paralyzed. He uttered a low moan, and slid back to his chair, leaving the letter on the table..

The bishop entered, and Mr. Hepburn (his hands on the rests of the chair) rose and bowed reverentially.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Hepburn. You are an early riser too. I am pleased to see you."

The bishop seated himself at the table. The servant placed a black bag on it, and left the study. Mr. Hepburn remained partially standing.

"Be seated, Mr. Hepburn, be seated. I am sure you won't mind my going on with my letters. I wished to see you. I hope Mrs. Hepburn is quite well."

"Thank you, my lord——"

The bishop began to open his letters, using a little ivory paper-knife. He read each one as he opened it. Mrs. Hepburn's was the third which he took up. He thrust in the paper-knife.

"My lord——"

Mr. Hepburn had advanced a step. He held forth his hands in a pitiful, imploring way. The bishop, pausing in the act of taking out Mr. Jardine's manuscript, looked at him curiously.

"Yes, Mr. Hepburn? I think you are not well to-day."

"That letter, my lord, is from my wife."

"Indeed," said the bishop. He smiled benignly. "I suppose it is about East Wispers. Mrs. Hepburn spo—— Aha, I must not betray a lady's confidence. Oh, no; oh, no; no, no. You have a careful and solicitous wife, Mr. Hepburn, an excellent wife. Oh, yes; oh, yes, yes, yes."

"My lord——" Mr. Hepburn moved up to the table as he spoke. "Might I beg of your lordship,—my lord, as a peculiar kindness to me personally—that you will not read my wife's letter?"

The bishop looked at the superscription. "It is really from Mrs. Hepburn?" he said.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then—certainly; here is the letter," said the bishop.

Mr. Hepburn put it in his pocket. "Thank you, my lord," he faltered in a profound humility. "And thank—

thank God!" he added, raising his voice.

"Oh, it can't be so serious as that," the bishop said, opening another letter. "After all, it was not unnatural that Mrs. Hepburn should desire to say a good word for you, though the practice is hardly openly to be encouraged. I have decided, Mr. Hepburn," the prelate added pleasantly, "to offer you the living of East Wispers, should you care to accept it."

"My lord——"

"I am sure Mrs. Hepburn will be pleased."

"My lord——"

"I have perfect confidence in you," said the bishop. "So also has my daughter. Oh, yes; oh, yes, yes, yes. And I hope you will remember to take some of our roses to Mrs. Hepburn when you go home."

From *The Edinburgh Review*.

ENGLISH LETTER-WRITING IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.¹

The preservation and posthumous publication of private correspondence has supplied modern society with one of its daintiest literary luxuries. The art of letter-writing is, of course, no recent invention; it reached a high level of excellence, like almost every other branch of refined expression in prose or verse, in the older world of Rome. Nevertheless, the exceeding rarity of the specimens that have come

down to us from those times is an important element of their value; while in our own day the letters of eminent persons fill many bookshelves in every decent library, and their quantity increases out of all proportion to their quality.

It may be said, generally, of fine letter-writing that it is a distinctive product of a high civilization, denoting the existence of a cultured and leisurely class, implying the conditions of secure intercourse, confidence, sociability, many common interests, and that peculiar delight in the stimulating interchange of ideas and feelings which is one characteristic of modern life. The language of a country must have thrown off its archaic stiffness, must have acquired suppleness and variety; the writer's instrument must be a style that combines familiarity with distinction, correctness of thought with easy diction. It is from the lack of these conditions that the Asiatic world has given us no such letters; the material as well as the intellectual environment has been wanting. For similar reasons the Middle Ages of Europe produced us none of the kind with which we are now dealing; the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries have left us very few samples of them; and since in this article we propose to treat only of English letter-writers, we may affirm that the art did not flourish in England until the eighteenth century, when according to certain authorities it rose to something like perfection. It is a notable observation of Hume's that Swift is the first Englishman who wrote polite prose; and Swift is one of the earliest, as he is still one of the pleasantest, writers of private correspondence that has taken a permanent place in our literature.

We can understand without difficulty why the eighteenth century was a period favorable to the growth of excellent letter-writing. There were very few newspapers, and those which appeared were neither good nor trustworthy; there were no magazines or reviews up to the middle of the cen-

¹ 1. *The Letters of Charles Lamb*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. London: 1888.

2. *Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends*. Edited by Sidney Colvin. London: 1891.

3. *Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. London: 1895.

4. *Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-88*. Collected and arranged by George Russell. London and New York: 1895.

5. *Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble*. Edited by William Aldis Wright. London: 1895.

6. *Vallima Letters, from Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, 1890-94*. London: 1896.

tury; yet there was a small and highly cultivated society with an exquisite taste for literature, with a keen interest in public affairs, and a very strong appetite for philosophic discussion. Side by side with the intellectual conditions we may take into account the national circumstances of that age. The post was expensive, with a slow and intermittent circulation, so that letters, being infrequent, were worth writing carefully and at length; while correspondents were nevertheless not separated by distances of time and space sufficient to weaken or extinguish the desire of interchanging thoughts and news. For it is within the experience of most of us that the difficulty of keeping up regular correspondence increases with distance; that friends who meet seldom write to each other rarely; and that, although letters are most valued by those who are far from home and long absent, yet it is precisely in the case of prolonged separation that the chain of friendly communication is apt gradually to slacken until it becomes entirely disconnected. So long, indeed, as men depended for news on private sources, there was always a kind of obligation to write; but the telegraph and the newspaper have now monopolized the Intelligence Department. On the whole, it may be concluded that the art of letter-writing flourishes best within a limited radius of distance, among persons living neither very near to each other nor yet far apart, who meet occasionally yet not often, and who are within the same range of social, political, and intellectual influences. Its best period is probably before the advent of copious indefatigable journalism, before men have taken to publishing letters in the morning papers, and when they have not yet acquired the economical habit of reserving all their valuable ideas and information for signed articles in some monthly review.

It was under these conditions that the letters of eminent men in the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth century were generally written. In the former century letter-

writing was undoubtedly a recognized form of high literary workmanship, with close affinities on one side to the diary or private journal, and on another to the essay. Long, continuous, and intimate correspondence, as in the case of Swift and Walpole, gravitated toward the journal; dissertations on literature, politics, and manners were more akin to the essay; while in the hands of the novelist the journalistic series of letters took artificial development into a method of story-telling. On the other side, the tendency of epistles to become essays reached its climax in the letters of Burke, some of which are only distinguishable from brilliant pamphlets by the formal address and subscription.

With the nineteenth century begins an era of amusing and animated letter-writing. The classic and somewhat elaborate style of the preceding age falls into disuse; the essayist draws gradually back into a department of his own; the new school reflects, as is natural, the general tendency of English literature towards a livelier and more varied movement, with a wider range of subjects and sympathies. In his letters, as in his poetry, the precursor of the naturalistic school was Cowper, who could be simple without being trivial, was never prosy and often pathetic, and who possessed the rare art of stamping on his reader's mind an enduring impression of quiet and somewhat commonplace society in the English midlands. That poets should usually have been good letter-writers is probably no more than might have been expected, for imagination and word-power must tell everywhere; yet the list is so long as to be worth noticing. Swift, Pope, and Cowper in the last century, and in the present century Scott, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and Southey, have all left us distinctive and copious correspondence. Wordsworth may, perhaps, be classed as a notable exception; for Wordsworth's letters are dull, being at their best more like essays or literary dissertations than the free outpouring of intimate thought. They have none of

the charm which comes from the revelation of private doubt or passionate affection that is ordinarily stifled by convention; they are, on the contrary, eminently respectable, deliberate, and carefully expressed. "It has ever been the habit of my mind," he writes, "to trust that expediency will come out of fidelity to principles, rather than to seek my principles of action in calculations of expediency." This is what the Americans call "high toned;" but the metal is too heavy for the light calibre of a letter.

Whether Tennyson had the gift of letter-writing we shall be able to judge when his biography appears, though we may anticipate that it will contain some things worthy of a great master in the art of language. The publication of letters deriving their sole or principal interest from the general reputation of the writer is indeed quite legitimate and intelligible. They are often biographical documents of considerable value, apart from all questions of style and intellectual quality; they can be handled and arranged to exhibit a man's character; they may be used as negative proofs of reserve and reticence, as showing his mental attitude towards various subjects, his domestic habits and virtues, or merely as annals of where he went and what he did. They may be carefully selected and revised for occasional insertion at different stages of a long biography, where the editor sees fit to let the dead man speak for himself; they may be employed as an advocate chooses the papers in his brief, for attack or defence. Or they may be produced without commentary, sifting, or omissions, as the unvarnished presentation of a man's private life and particular features which a candid friend commits to the judgment of posterity. Or, lastly, they may be mere relics, not much more in some instances than curiosities, valued for much the same reasons that would set a high price on the autograph or the inkstand of a celebrated man, on his furniture, his house, or anything that was his. In proportion as little or nothing is known of such a man's private life, every scrap

of his writing increases in value; and so a letter of Shakespeare or of Dante would be priceless. But of Shakespeare no letter has come down to us, and of Dante not even, we believe, his signature; though we do know something of what Dante did and thought, for his religion and his politics are manifested in his poems; whereas Shakespeare's works have the divine attribute of impersonality. Here is one supreme poet of whom the world would gladly hear anything; but nothing remains to feed the modern appetite, which is never so well gratified as when a rare and sublime genius stands revealed as the writer of ordinary letters upon petty domesticities.

It is evidently impossible to draw a line that shall accurately divide the interest that men feel in a celebrated person from the interest that they take in his posthumous correspondence, so as to determine how far the letters are good in themselves. When the writer is well known, he and his writings are inseparable. Yet some attempt must be made, for the purposes of this article to distinguish critically between letters that are readable and will survive by their own literary quality, as fine specimens of the art, and those which are preserved and published on the score of the writer's name and fame, with little aid from their merits. In which category are we to place the letters of Keats, including those that have been very recently unearthed by diligent literary excavation? His poetry is so exquisite, so radiant with imaginative color, that to see such a man in the light of common day, among the ordinary cares and circumstances of the lower world, is necessarily a descent and a disillusion. He was young, he was poor, he had few acquaintances worthy of him; he roved about England and Scotland without adventures; his letters were perfectly familiar and unsophisticated. As Mr. Sidney Colvin has written, in an excellent preface to an edition of 1891, "he poured out to those he loved his whole self indiscriminately, generosity and fretfulness, ardor and despondency, boyish petulance side by side with manful good

sense, the tattle of suburban parlors with the speculations of a spirit unsurpassed for native gift and insight." Every now and then the level of his easy-going discourse is lit up by a flash of wit, and occasionally by a jet of brilliant fancies among which some of his finest poetry may be traced in the process of incubation. His whole mind is set upon his art; for that only, and for a few intimate friends, does he care to live and work; his letters often tell us when and where, under what influences, his best pieces were composed; one likes to know, for example, that the "Ode to Autumn" came to him on a fine September day during a Sunday's walk over the stubbles near Winchester. His criticisms are always good, and their form picturesque. He compares human life to a chamber that becomes gradually darkened, in which one door after another is set open, showing only dim passages leading out into darkness. This, he says, is the burden of the mystery which Wordsworth felt and endeavored to explore; and he thinks that Wordsworth is deeper than Milton, though he attributes this, justly, more to "the general and gregarious advance of intellect, than individual greatness of mind." So far as spontaneity and the free unguarded play of sportive and serious ideas, taken as they came uppermost, are tests and conditions of excellence in this kind of writing, Keats's letters must rank high. Nevertheless there is still room for doubt whether these juvenile productions would have left any but a most ephemeral mark apart from their connection with his poetry.

In the case of other poets, who were his contemporaries, the verdict will be different. They are all to be classed, though not in the same line, as writers of letters that have great original and intrinsic value. Scott's letters exhibit his generous and masculine nature, the buoyancy of his spirits in good or bad fortune, and that romantic attachment to old things and ideas which hardened latterly into inveterate Toryism. Southey's prose writings will probably survive his metrical compositions, which

indeed have already fallen into oblivion. There is life in a poet so long as he is quoted, but no verses or even lines of Southey have fixed themselves in the popular memory. And whereas the letters of Keats disclose a mind filled with the sense of beauty and rich with poetic seedlings that blossomed into beautiful flowers, in Southey's correspondence we discern only an erudite man of taste laboring diligently upon epics which he expected to be immortal. The letters of Byron stand upon broader ground, because Byron was so much more of a personage than either Keats, or Southey, or Wordsworth. They supply, in the first place, an invaluable, and indeed indispensable, interpretation of his poetry, which is to a great extent the imaginative and romantic presentation of his own feelings, fortunes, and peculiar experiences. Secondly, they are full of good sayings and caustic criticism; they touch upon the domain of politics and society as well as upon literature; they give the opinions passed upon contemporary events and persons, during a stirring period of European history, by a man of genius who was also a man of the world; they float on the current of a strangely troubled existence. In these letters we have an important contribution to our acquaintance with literary circles and London society, and with several notable figures on either stage, during the years immediately before and after Waterloo. They were published in an introduction to the works of a famous poet; yet, although they cannot be detached from his poetry, they possess great independent merits of their own. They echo the sounds of revelry by night; they strike a note of careless vivacity, the tone of a man who is at home alike in good and bad company, whose judgment on books and politics, on writers and speakers, is always fresh, bold, and original. We may lament that the spirit of reckless devilry and dissipation should have entered into Byron; and the lessons to be drawn from the scenes and adventures in Venice and elsewhere, described for the benefit of

Tom Moore, are very different from the moral examples furnished by the tranquil and well-ordered correspondence of our own day. Yet the world would have been poorer for the loss of this memorial of an Unquiet Life, and the historical gallery of literature would have missed the full-length portrait of an extraordinary man.

The letters of Coleridge, like their writer, belong to another class, yet, like Byron's, they have the clear-cut stamp of individuality. Here again we have the man himself, with his intensity of feeling, his erratic moods and singular phraseology, the softness of his heart and the weakness of his will. He belongs to the rapidly diminishing class of notable men who have freely poured their real sentiments and thoughts out of their brain into their letters, who have given their best (without keeping their worst) to their correspondents, so that the letters abound with pathetic and amusing confessions, and with ideas that bear the stamp of the author's singular idiosyncrasy. The "Memorials of Coleorton" are a collection of letters written to the Beaumont family by Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and Scott; the reader may pass from one to another by taking them as they come; the book is like the *menu* of a dinner with varied courses. Wordsworth's letters are the product of cultivated taste, a fine eye for rural scenery, and lofty moral sentiment. Southey is the high-class *littérateur*, with a strong dash of Toryism in Church and State; in both there is a total absence of eccentricity, but in neither case is the attention forcibly arrested or any striking passage retained. When Coleridge is served up the flavor of unique expression and a sort of divine simplicity is unmistakable; he is alternately indignant and remorseful; he soars to themes transcendent, and sinks anon to the humble details of his errors and embarrassments. Uncongenial society plunged him into such dark depression that he is not ashamed to confess that he found "bodily relief in weeping."

On Tuesday evening Mr. R—, the au-

thor of —, drank tea and spent the evening with us at Grasmere; and this had produced a very unpleasant effect upon my spirits. . . . If to be a poet or man of genius entailed on us the necessity of housing such company in our bosoms, I would pray the very flesh off my knees to have a head as dark and unfurnished as Wordsworth's old Molly's. . . . If I believed it possible that the man liked me, upon my soul I should feel exactly as if I were tarred and feathered.

And so on through the whole letter, with a comical energy of phrase that scorns reserve or compass in giving vent to the misery caused by uninteresting conversation. We may contrast this melancholy tea-drinking with Byron's rollicking account of a dinner with some friends "of note and notoriety."

Like other parties of the same kind, it was first silent, then talking, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then articulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder it was difficult to get down again without stumbling; and, to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a damned corkscrew staircase, which had been certainly constructed before the invention of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could possibly accommodate themselves. Both he and Coleman were, as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine carried away my memory, so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation.

We are, of course, not reviewing Byron or Coleridge; we are only giving samples by the way. Here are two great poets, remote from each other as the two poles in social circumstances and habit of mind, but at any rate alike in this one quality—that their life is in their letters, and that in such passages as these the genuine undisguised temperament of each writer stands forth in a relief that could only be brought out by his own unintentional masterstrokes. For neither of them was aware that in these scenes he was describing his own character—though Byron may have intended to display his wit, and Coleridge may have been

to some extent conscious of his own humor. In the way of literary criticism, again, Coleridge throws out the quaint and uncommon remark upon Addison's essays, that they "have produced a passion for the unconnected in the minds of Englishmen." And he touches delicately upon the negative or barren side of the critical mind in his observation that the critics are the eunuchs that guard the temple of the Muses.

Of Shelley's letters, again, we may say that they are unconsciously autobiographical; they are confessions of character, spontaneous, unguarded, abounding with brilliancies and extravagances. They betray his shortcomings, but they attest his generosity and courage; they are the outpourings of a new spirit, who detests what would now be called Philistinism in literature and society, who does not stop to pick his words, or to mix water with the red wine of his enthusiasm. He abandons himself in his letters to the feelings of the moment; he ardently pursues his immediate object by sophistical arguments which convict himself but could never convince a correspondent, and which astonish and amuse the calm of after days. "A kind of ineffable sickening disgust seizes my mind when I think of this most despotic, most unrequired fetter which prejudice has forged to confine its energies. . . . Anti-matrimonialism is as necessarily connected with scepticism as if religion and marriage began their course together," for both are the fruit of odious superstition. He was endeavoring to persuade Harriet Westbrook to join him in testifying by example against the obsolete and ignoble ceremony of the marriage service, which he held to be a degradation that no one could ask "an amiable and beloved female" to undergo. In Shelley's case, as in Byron's, the letters are of estimable biographical value as witnesses to character, as reflecting the vicissitudes of a life which was to the writer more like the "fierce vexation of a dream" than a well-spent leisurely existence, and as the sincere unstudied expression of his

emotions. For all these reasons they are essential to a right appreciation of his magnificent poetry.

William Godwin, pedantic, self-conceited, and impecunious, has come down to us as a kind of central figure in a literary group which included such men as Coleridge, Shelley, and Lamb, of whom the somewhat formal English world at the beginning of this century was not worthy. By reason of this position, and because Shelley married his daughter, he became the cause and subject of excellent letter-writing, though his own correspondence is heavy with philosophic platitudes. It is of the class which, as we have said, is akin to essays; he discourses at large upon first principles in religion and politics; and out of his frigid philosophy came some of Shelley's most ardent paradoxes. But some of the most amusing letters in the English language were addressed to him. It was after a supper at Godwin's that Coleridge wrote remorsefully acknowledging "a certain tipsiness"—not that he felt any "unpleasant titubancy"—whereby he had been seduced into defending a momentary idea as if it had been an old and firmly established principle; which (we may add) has been the way of other talkers since Coleridge. No one, he goes on to say, could have a greater horror than himself of the principles he thus accidentally propounded, or a deeper conviction of their irrationality; "but the whole thinking of my life will not bear me up against the crowd and press of my mind, when it is elevated beyond its natural pitch." The effect of punch, after wine, was to make a philosopher argue hotly against his profoundest beliefs; yet it is to Godwin's supper that we owe this diverting palinodia. And all Englishmen should be grateful to Godwin for having written the tragedy of "Antonio;" for not only was it most justly damned, but it also elicited some letters to the unlucky author that are unmatched in the record of candid criticism. Mrs. Inchbald writes, briefly:—

I thank you for the play of Antonio, and I most sincerely wish you joy of hav-

ing produced a work which will protect you from being classed with the successful dramatists of the present time, but which will hand you down to posterity among the honored few who, during the past century, have totally failed in writing for the stage.

Coleridge goes to work more elaborately:—

In the tragedy I have frequently used certain marks [which he gives]. Of these, the first calls your attention to my suspicions that your language is false or intolerable English. The second marks the passages that struck me as *flat* or mean. The third is a note of reprobation, levelled at those sentences in which you have adopted that worst sort of vulgar language, commonplace book language. The last mark implies bad metre.

All this is free speaking beyond the compass of modern literary consultations. It may be added that Lamb also discussed the play, before it was performed, in his letters to Godwin; and that his description of Godwin's deportment, of his own feelings, and of the behavior of the audience on the memorable night that witnessed its utter failure, has bequeathed to us a comedy over which the tragic Muse herself might well become hysterical.

There is, indeed, in the correspondence of this remarkable group a tone of frankness and sincerity which, combined with the absence of malice and a strong element of fun, distinguishes it from the half-veiled disapproval and prudish reserve of later days. "When you next write so eloquently and well against law and lawyers," says Coleridge to Godwin, "be so good as to leave a larger place for your wafer, as by neglect of this a part of your last was obliterated." Again, in a more serious tone: "Ere I had yet read or seen your works, I, at Southey's recommendation, wrote a sonnet in praise of the author. When I had read them, religious bigotry, the but half understanding of your principles, and the *not* half understanding of my own, combined to render me a warm and boisterous anti-Godwinist." His moods and circumstances, his joys and pains,

are reflected in his language with remarkable fertility of metaphor; his feelings vary with his society. Of Lamb he writes that "his taste acts so as to appear like the mechanic simplicity of an instinct—in brief, he is worth a hundred men of more talents: conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells, one warms by exercise, Lamb every now and then *irradiates*."

In the best letters of this remarkable group we perceive the exquisite sensitiveness of open and eager minds, giving free play to their ideas and feelings, their delight and disgust, so that their life and thoughts are mirrored in their correspondence as in their conversation. Such writing has become very rare, if it is not entirely extinct, in these latter days of temperate living and guarded writing. Lamb's own letters are all in a similar key; and that which he wrote to Coleridge, who had a bad habit of borrowing books, is a model of jocosely expostulation: "You never come but you take away some folio that is part of my existence. . . . My third shelf from the top has two devilish gaps, where you have knocked out its two eye teeth." And his lament over the desolation of London, as it appears to a man who has lived there jovially, and revisits it as a stranger in after years, may even now touch a chord in the hearts of some of us.

In London I passed houses and places, empty caskets now. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone. The bodies I cared for are in graves or dispersed. My old clubs that lived so long and flourished so steadily are crumbled away. When I took leave of our friend at Charing Cross, 'twas heavy unfeeling rain, and I had nowhere to go . . . not a sympathizing house to turn to in the great city. Never did the waters of heaven pour down on a forlorn head. Yet I tried ten days at a sort of friend's house, large and straggling; one of the individuals of my old long knot of friends, card-players and pleasant companions, that have tumbled to pieces into dust and other things; and I got home convinced that I was better to get to my hole in Enfield and hide like a sick cat in my corner.

We might, indeed, multiply indefi-

nately our quotations from the correspondence of this literary period to show its sincerity, its spontaneity, its uncommonness, the tone of intimate brotherhood and natural unruly affection that pervades it everywhere. Nothing of the kind has come down to us from the eighteenth century; and the last fifty years of this century, so prolific in biographies and posthumous publications of the papers of eminent men, go to prove that in the general transformation of letter-writing these peculiar qualities have almost, though not altogether, disappeared. Probably conversation has suffered a like change; and we may ascribe it generally to a lowering of the social temperature, to the habits of reserve, respectability, and conventional self-restraint that in these days govern so largely the intercourse of men. Something may be due to cautious expurgation of passages which tell against the writer, or might offend modern taste; yet in other respects contemporary editors have been sufficiently indiscreet. And the growth of these habits, so discouraging to free and fearless correspondence, may be partly ascribed to the influence of journalism, which makes every subject stale and sterile by incessantly threshing and tearing at it, and which reviews biographies in a manner that acts as a solemn warning to all men of mark that they take heed what they put into a private letter. There are other causes, to which we may presently advert; but it is quite clear that this fine art is undergoing certain transmutations, and that on the whole it does not flourish quite so vigorously as heretofore.

In a recent article upon Matthew Arnold's letters it is laid down by a consummate critic¹ that the first canon of unsophisticated letter-writing is that a letter is meant for the eye of a friend, and not for the world. "Even the lurking thought in anticipation of an audience destroys the charm; the best letters are always improvisations; the public breaks the spell." In this, as

we have already suggested, there is much truth; yet the conditions seem to us too straitly enjoined; for not every man of genius has the gift of striking out his best thoughts, in their best form, clear and true from the hot iron of his mind; and in some of our best writers the improvising spirit is very faint. If a man writes with leisurely care, selecting deliberately the word that exactly matches his thought, aiming directly at the heart of his subject and avoiding prolixity, he may, like Walpole, Gray, and others, produce a delightful letter, provided only that he is sincere and open, has good stuff to give, and does not condescend to varnish his pictures. We want his best thoughts; we should like to have his best form; we do not always care so much for his negligent undress. And as for the copious outpouring of his personal feelings, one says many things to a friend or kinsman that are totally without interest to the public unless they are expressed in some distinctive manner or embody some originality of handling an ordinary event. This a writer may have the knack of doing artistically, even in a private and confidential letter, without betraying the touch of art; nor, indeed, can we ever know how many of the best modern letters are really improvised. Then, again, with regard to the anticipation of an audience, it is a risk to which every man of note must feel that he is exposed; the shadow of eventual publicity is always in the background; his letters have passed out of his control during his lifetime, and he can only trust in the uncertain discretion of his literary executor. He does not care to leave the record of his passing moods, his confessions of weakness, his personal likings and antipathies, to be discussed by the general reader; and it is probable that he only lets his pen run freely when he feels assured that his confidential improvisation will be judiciously omitted.

It is, we think, impossible to suppose that these considerations have not weighed materially upon the minds of eminent men in our own day, when

¹ Mr. John Morley, *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1895.

biographies have become so much more numerous, and when they are so much more closely criticised than formerly. And in comparing the letters written in the early part of this century—such as those from which we have given a few characteristic quotations—with those which have been recently published, we have to take account of these things, among other changes of the social and literary environment. Undoubtedly the comparison is to the advantage of the earlier writings; they seem infinitely more amusing, more genuine, more biographical, more redolent of the manners and complexion of the time. There is in them a flavor of heartiness and irresponsibility which may partly be attributed to the fact that the best writers were poets, whose genius flowered as early as their manhood, and most of whom died young; so that their letters are fresh, audacious, and untempered by the chilly caution of middle or declining age. Their spirits were high, they were ardent in the pursuit of ideals; they were defying society, they either had no family or were at feud with it, and they gave not a thought to the solemn verdict of posterity. For correspondents who were brimming over with humor, imagination, and enthusiasm, no situation could be more thoroughly favorable to sparkling improvisation; and accordingly they have left us letters which will be a joy forever.

The correspondence of our own generation has been written under a different intellectual climate, and various circumstances have combined to lower the temperature of its vivacity. Post-humous publicity is now the manifest destiny that overhangs the private life of all notable persons, especially of popular authors, who can observe and inwardly digest continual warnings of the treatment which they are likely to receive from an insatiable and inconsistent criticism. They may have lived long and altered their opinions; they may have quarrelled with friends or rivals, and may have become sworn allies later; they may have publicly praised one whom in private they may

have laughed at; for when you have to think what you say, it does not follow that you say what you think. All these considerations, enforced by repeated examples, are apt to damp the natural ardor of improvisation; the more so because the writer may be sure either that his genuine utterances will be suppressed by the editor, or that, if they are produced, the editor will be roundly abused for giving him away. For in these matters the judgment of the general reader is wayward, and his attitude undecided, with a leaning towards hypocrisy. The story of the domestic tribulations and the conjugal bickerings of a great writer, of the irritability that belongs to highly nervous temperaments, and which has always made genius, like the finest animals, hard to domesticate, has lost none of its savor with the public. But if all letters that record such scenes and sayings are faithfully reproduced in preparing the votive tablet upon which the dead man's life is to be delineated, the ungrateful reader answers with an accusation of imprudence, indiscretion, and betrayal of confidence; and the surviving friends protest still more vehemently. Within the last three months these consequences have been forcibly illustrated by the reception of Cardinal Manning's "Life" in which the letters are of extraordinary value towards the formation of a right understanding of that remarkable personage. Much of all this sensitiveness is clearly due to the hasty fashion of publishing private correspondence within a few years of the writer's decease, but more to the fitful and somewhat feminine temper of an inquisitive yet censorious society.

If, on the other hand, expurgation is freely employed, the result is a kind of emasculation. Nothing is left that can offend or annoy living people, or that might damage the writer's own reputation with an audience that enjoys, yet condemns, unmeasured confidences. And so we get clever, sensible letters of men who have travelled, worked, and mixed much in society, who have already put into essays or reviews all that they wanted the public

to know, and whose private doubts, or follies, or frolics, have been neatly removed from their correspondence. Let us take, for example, two batches of letters very lately published, and written by two men who have left their mark upon their generation. Of Dean Stanley it may be affirmed that no ecclesiastic of his time was better known, or had a higher reputation for strength of character and undaunted Liberalism. His public life and his place in the Anglican Church had been already described in a meritorious biography; and it might have been expected that these letters would bring the reader closer to the man himself, would accentuate the points of a striking individuality. There are few of these letters, we think, by which such expectations have been fulfilled to any appreciable degree. In one or two of them Stanley writes with his genuine sincerity and earnestness on the state of his mind in regard to the new spirit of ecclesiasticism that had arisen in Oxford nearly sixty years ago; we see that he saw and felt the magnitude of a coming crisis, and we can observe the formation of the opinions which he consistently and valiantly upheld throughout his career. The whole instinct of his intellectual nature—and he never lost his trust in reason—was against the high Roman or sacerdotal absolutism in matters of dogma; he ranked morals far above faith; and he had that dislike of authoritative uniformity in church government which is in Englishmen a reflection of their political habits. Yet he discerned plainly enough the spring of a movement that was bringing about a Roman Catholic revival.

Not that I am turned or turning Newmanist, but that I do feel that the crisis in my opinions is coming on, and that the difficulties I find in my present views are greater than I thought them to be, and that here I am in the presence of a magnificent and consistent system shooting up on every side, whilst all that I see against it is weak and grovelling. (Letter to C. J. Vaughan, 1838.)

"I expect," he writes a year later,

"that the whole thing will have the effect of making me either a great Newmanite or a great Radical;" and it did end in making him an advanced Liberal. His practical genius and his free converse with general society (from which Manning deliberately turned away as fatal to ecclesiasticism) very soon parted him from the theologians.

I think it is true [he writes to Jowett, 1849] that we have not the same mental interest in talking over subjects of theology that we had formerly. They have lost their novelty, I suppose; we know better where we are, having rolled to the bottom together, and being now able only to make a few uphill steps. I acknowledge fully my own want of freshness; my mind seems at times quite dried up. . . . And at times I have felt an unsatisfied desire after a better and higher sort of life, which makes me impatient of the details of theology.

In these, and perhaps one or two other passages, we can trace the development of character and convictions in the man to whom Jowett wrote, thirty years afterwards, that he was "the most distinguished clergyman in the Church of England, who could do more than any one towards the great work of placing religion on a rational basis."¹

But, on the whole, the quality of these letters is by no means equal to their quantity; and too many of them belong to a class which, though it may have some ephemeral interest among friends and kinsfolk, can retain, we submit, no permanent value at all. It is best described under a title common in French literature—*impressions de voyage*. A very large part of the volume consists of letters written by Stanley, an intelligent and indefatigable tourist, from the countries and cities which he visited, from Petersburg and Palestine, from Paris and Athens, from Spain and Scotland. The standpoint from which he surveys the Holy Land is rather historical and archaeological than devotional; but he had everywhere a clear eye for the picturesque in manners and scenery. He had excellent opportunities of seeing the places and

¹ Dean Stanley's Letters, p. 440.

the people; his descriptive powers are considerable; and there is a finely drawn picture of All Souls' Day in the Sistine Chapel, written from Rome to Hugh Pearson, although a ludicrous incident comes in at the end like a false note. Such correspondence might be so arranged separately as to make an interesting narrative of travel, but when judged by a high literary or intellectual criterion of letter-writing it is out of court. It is not too much to aver that most, if not all, of these letters might have been written by any refined and cultivated Englishman, whose education and social training had given him correct tastes and a many-sided interest in the world. They belong to the type of private diary or chronicle, and as such they inevitably include trivialities, though not many. Some of Stanley's letters are from Scotland, where he travels about admiring its wildness, and with a cultured interest in its antiquities. But no country has been better ransacked in search of the picturesque; it is the original hunting-ground of the romantic tourist, and what Stanley said about it to his family is pleasantly but not powerfully written. It is more than doubtful whether excellence in letter-writing lies that way, or, indeed, whether mediocrity is avoidable. Charles Lamb's letters are none the worse because he stayed in London and had no time for the beauties of nature.

For my part [he wrote], with reference to my friends northwards, I must confess that I am not romance-bit about nature. The earth and sea and sky (when all is said) is but a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring at the gilded looking-glass, nor at the five-shilling print over the mantelpiece. Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world; eye pampering, but satisfies no heart.

This may be cockney taste, yet it is better reading than Stanley's account of Edinburgh or the valley of Glencoe.

The editor assures us, in his preface, that none of these letters touch upon theological controversies, yet many readers might have been very willing to part with some of the travelling journal for closer knowledge of Stanley's inward feelings while he was bearing up the fight of liberty and toleration against the gathering forces that have since scattered and well-nigh overwhelmed the once flourishing Broad Church party. Well might Jowett write to him in 1880, "You and I, and our dear friend Hugh Pearson, and William Rogers, and some others, are rather isolated in the world, and we must hold together as long as we can." All those who are here named have passed away, leaving no party leaders of equal rank and calibre; and if Stanley's letters survive at all, they will live upon those passages which remind us how strenuously he contended for the intellectual freedom that he believed to be the true spiritual heritage of English churchmen.

The latest contribution to the department of national literature that we have been surveying is the volume containing the letters of Matthew Arnold (1848-88). "Here and there," writes their editor, "I have been constrained, by deference to living susceptibilities, to make some slight excisions; but with regard to the bulk of the letters this process had been performed before the manuscript came into my hands." No one has any business to question the exercise of a discretion which must have been necessary in publishing private correspondence so recently written, and only those who saw the originals can decide whether they have been weakened or strengthened by the pruning. On the other hand, the first canon of unsophistical letter-writing, as laid down by the eminent critic already cited—that letters should be written for the eye of a friend, never for the public—is amply fulfilled. "It will be seen" (we quote again from the preface) "that the letters are essentially familiar and domestic, and were evidently written without a thought that they would ever be read beyond the

circle of his family." They are, in short, mostly family letters that have been necessarily subjected to censorship, and it would be unreasonable to measure a collection of this kind by the high standard that qualifies for admission to the grade of permanent literature. As these letters are to supply the lack of a biography (which was expressly prohibited by his own wish), we are not to look for further glimpses of a character which his editor rightly terms "unique and fascinating." The general reader may therefore feel some disappointment at finding that the correspondence takes no wider or more varied range; for Matthew Arnold's circle of acquaintances must have been very large, and he must have been in touch with the leading men in the political, academical, and official society of his day.

The letters are as good as they could be expected to be under these conditions, which are to our mind heavily disadvantageous. We must set aside those which fall under the class of *impressions de voyage*, for the reasons already stated in discussing Stanley's travelling correspondence. One would not gather from this collection that Arnold was a considerable poet. And the peculiar method of expression, the vein of light irony, the flexibility of style, that distinguish his prose works are here curiously absent; he does not write his letters, as Carlyle did, in the same character as his books. Yet the turn of thought, the prevailing note, can be often detected; as, for instance, in a certain impatience with English defects, coupled with a strong desire to take the conceit out of his fellow-countrymen.

The want of independence of mind, the shutting their eyes and professing to believe what they do not, the running blindly together in herds for fear of some obscure danger and horror if they go alone, is so eminently a vice of the English, I think, of the last hundred years, has led them and is leading them into such scrapes and bewilderment, that, etc.

It is certainly hard to recognize in

this picture the features of the rough, roving Englishman who in the course of the last hundred years has conquered India, founded great colonies, and fought the longest and most obstinate war of modern times; who has been the type of insularity and an incurable antinomian in religion and politics. Not many pages afterwards, however, we find Arnold sharing with the herd of his countrymen the shallow "conviction as to the French always beating any number of Germans who come into the field against them." He adds that "they will never be beaten by any other nation but the English, for to every other nation they are in efficiency and intelligence decidedly superior"—an opinion which contradicts his previous judgment of them, and replaces the national superiority on a lofty though insecure basis; for if he was wrong about the French, he may be wrong about us whom he puts above them. Arnold admired the French as much as Carlyle liked the Germans, and both of them enjoyed ridiculing or rating the English; but each was unconsciously swayed by his own particular tastes and temperament, and neither of them had the gift of political prophecy, which is, indeed, very seldom vouchsafed to the highly imaginative mind. He had a strong belief, rare among Englishmen, in administrative organization. "Depend upon it," he writes, "that the great States of the Continent have two great elements of cohesion, in their administrative system and in their army, which we have not." The general conclusion which Arnold seems to have drawn from his travels in Europe and America is that England was far behind France in lucidity of ideas, and inferior to the United States in straightforward political energy and the faculties of national success. "Heaven forbid that the English nation should become like this [the French] nation; but Heaven forbid that it should remain as it is. If it does, it will be beaten by America on its own line, and by the Continental nations on the European line. I see this as plain as I see the paper before

me." Since this was written in 1865, England has been perversely holding her own course, nor has she yet fulfilled Arnold's melancholy foreboding, by which he was "at times overwhelmed with depression," that England was sinking into a sort of greater Holland, "for want of perceiving how the world is going and must go, and preparing herself accordingly."

On the other hand, his imaginative faculty comes out in his speculation upon the probable changes in the development of the American people that might follow their separation into different groups, if the civil war between the Northern and Southern States [which had just begun] should break up the Union.

Climate and mixture of race will then be able fully to tell, and I cannot help thinking that the more diversity of nation there is on the American continent, the more chance there is of one nation developing itself with grandeur and richness. It has been so in Europe. What should we all be if we had not one another to check us and to be learned from? Imagine an English Europe. How frightfully "borné" and dull! Or a French Europe either, for that matter.

The suggestion is perhaps more fanciful than profound, for history does not repeat itself; and, in fact, the result of breaking up South America into a dozen political groups has not yet produced any very satisfactory development of national character. Much more than political subdivision goes to the creation of a new Europe; nevertheless Arnold is probably right in supposing that uniformity of institutions, and a somewhat monotonous level of social conditions over a vast area, may have depressed and stunted the free and diversified growth of North American civilization.

The literary criticism to be found in these letters shows a fastidious and delicate taste that had been nurtured almost too exclusively upon the masterpieces of classic antiquity. Homer he ranked far above Shakespeare, though one might think them too different for comparison; and he praises "two arti-

cles in *Temple Bar* [1869], one on Tennyson, the other on Browning," which were afterwards republished in a book that made some stir in its day, and has brought down upon its author the unquenchable resentment of his brother poets. He thought that both Macaulay and Carlyle were encouraging the English nation in its emphatic Philistinism, and thus counteracting his own exertions to lighten the darkness of earnest but opaque intelligences. As his interest in religious movements was acute, so his observations occasionally throw some light upon the exceedingly complicated problem of ascertaining the general drift of the English mind in regard to things spiritual. The force which is shaping the future, is it with the Ritualists or with the undogmatical disciples of a purely moral creed? With neither, Arnold replies; not with any of the orthodox religions, nor with the neo-religious developments which are pretending to supersede them.

Both the one and the other give to what they call religion, and to religious ideas and discussions, too large and absorbing a place in human life. Man feels himself to be a more various and richly endowed animal than the old religious theory of human life allowed, and he is endeavoring to give satisfaction to the long suppressed and imperfectly understood instincts of their varied nature.

No man studied more closely than Arnold the intellectual tendencies of his generation, so that on the most difficult of contemporary questions this opinion is worth quoting, although the ritualistic leanings of the present day hardly operate to support it. But here, as in his published works, his religious utterances are somewhat ambiguous and oracular; and one welcomes the marking of a definite epoch in Church history when he writes emphatically that "the Broad Church among the clergy may be said to have almost perished with Stanley."

But correspondence that was never meant for publication is hardly a fair subject for literary criticism. Arnold seems to have written hurriedly, in the intervals of hard work, of journeyings

to and fro upon his rounds of inspection, and of much social bustle; he had not the natural gift of letter-writing, and he probably did it more as a duty than a pleasure. He had none of the ever-smouldering irritability which compelled Carlyle to slash right and left of him at the people whom he met, at everything that he disliked, and every one whom he despised. Nor was he born to chronicle the small beer of every-day life in that spirit of contemplative quietism which is bred out of abundant leisure and retirement. A few lines from one of Cowper's letters may serve to indicate the circumstances in which "our best letter-writer," as Southey calls him, lived and wrote a hundred years ago in a muddy Buckinghamshire village:—

A long confinement in the winter, and indeed for the most part in the autumn too, has hurt us both. A gravel walk, thirty yards long, affords but indifferent scope to the locomotive faculty; yet it is all that we have had to move in for eight months in the year, during thirteen years that I have been a prisoner here.

If we compare this manner of spending one's days with Arnold's hasty and harassed existence among the busy haunts of men, we can understand that in this century a hard-working literary man has neither the taste nor the time for the graceful record of calm meditations, or for throwing a charm over commonplace details. And, on the whole, Arnold's correspondence, though it has some biographical value, must undoubtedly be relegated to the class of letters that would never have been published upon their own intrinsic merits.

Carlyle's letters, on the other hand, fall into the opposite category; they stand on their own feet, they are as significant of style and character as Arnold's, and even Stanley's, letters were comparatively insignificant; they are the fearless outspoken expression of the humors and feelings of the moment, and it is probable that the writer did not trouble himself to consider whether they would or would not be published. In these respects they as

nearly fulfil the authorized conditions of good letter-writing as any work of the sort that has been produced in our own generation, though one may be permitted some doubt in regard to improvisation; for the work is occasionally so clean cut and pointed, his strokes are so keen and straight to the mark, that it is difficult to believe the composition to be altogether unstudied. Whether any writer ever excelled in this or indeed in any other branch of the art literary without taking much trouble over it, is, in our judgment, an open question; but surely Carlyle must have selected and sharpened with some care the barbed epithets upon which he suspends his grotesque and formidable caricatures.

For example, he writes, in 1831, of Godwin, who still figures, in advanced age, as a martyr in the cause of good letter-writing: "A bald, bushy-browed, thick, hoary, hale little figure, with a very long, blunt, characterless nose—the whole visit the most unutterable stupidity." Lord Althorp is "a thick, large, broad-whiskered, farmer-looking man." O'Connell, "a well-doing country shopkeeper with a bottle-green frock and brown scratch wig. . . . I quitted them all [the House of Commons] with the highest contempt." Of Thomas Campbell, the poet, it is written that "his talk is small, contemptuous, and shallow; his face has a smirk which would benefit a shopman or an auctioneer." Wordsworth, "an old, very loquacious, indeed quite prosing man." Southey, "the shallowest chin, prominent snubbed Roman nose, small care-lined brow, the most vehement pair of faint hazel eyes I have ever seen." There is a savage caricature of Roebuck, and so Carlyle goes on hanging up portraits of the notables whom he met and conversed with, to the great edification of these latter days. No more dangerous interviewer has ever practised professionally than this artist in epithets, on whom the outward visible figure of a man evidently made deep impressions; whereas the ordinary letter-writer is usually content to record the small talk. As material for publi-

cation his correspondence had three singular advantages. His earlier letters were excellent, and we may hazard the generalization that almost all first-class letter-writing, like poetry, has been inspired by the ardor and freshness and audacity of youth. He lived so long that these letters could be published very soon after his death without much damage to the susceptibilities of those whom his hard hitting might concern; and, lastly, his biographer was a man of nerve, who loved color and strong lineaments, and would always sacrifice minor considerations to the production of a striking historical portrait. Undoubtedly, Carlyle's letters have this virtue—that they largely contribute to the creation of a true likeness of the writer, for in sketching other people he was also drawing himself. He could also paint the interior of a country house, as at Fryston, and his landscapes are vivid. He was, in short, an impressionist of the first order, who grouped all his details in subordination to a general effect, and never gave his correspondent a mere catalogue of trivial particulars.

It was originally in a letter to his brother that Carlyle wrote his celebrated description of an interview with Coleridge. No two men could be more different in taste or temperament, and yet any one who reads attentively Coleridge's letters may observe a certain similarity to Carlyle's writing, not only in the figured style and prophetic manner, but also in the tendency of their political ideas. In the matter of linguistic eccentricities, it may be guessed that both of them had been affected by the study of German literature; and in politics they had both a horror of disorder, an aversion to the ordinary Radicalism of their day, and a contempt for mechanic philosophy and complacent irreligion. Each of them had a strong belief in the power and duties of the State; but Coleridge held also that salvation lay in a reconstitution of the Church on a sound metaphysical basis, whereas for Carlyle all articles and liturgies were dying or dead. A comparison of these two supreme intellectual forces may help us to distin-

guish some of the most favorable conditions of good letter-writing. They were men of highly nervous mental constitution of mind, on whom the ideas and impressions that had been secreted produced an excitability that was discharged upon correspondents in a torrent of language, sweeping away considerations of reserve or self-regard, and submerging the commonplace bits of news and every-day observations which accumulate in the letters of respectable notabilities. To whomsoever the letters may be addressed, they are in consequence equally good and characteristic. Carlyle's epistles to his wife and brother are among the best in the collection; and Coleridge threw himself with the same ardor into letters to Charles Lamb and to Lord Liverpool. It is this capacity for pouring out the soul in correspondence, for draining the bottom of one's heart to a friend, which, combined with exaltation under the stimulus of spleen or keen sensibility, raises correspondence to the high-water mark of English literature.

But in saying that these conditions are eminently favorable to the production of fine letter-writing, we do not mean to affirm that they are essential. Against such a theory it would be sufficient to quote Cowper, though he had the poetic fire, and was subject to the religious frenzy; and we know that repose and refinement have a tendency to develop good correspondents. Among these we may number Edward Fitzgerald, whose letters are perhaps the most artistic of any that have recently appeared, and may be placed without hesitation in the class of letters that have a high intrinsic merit independently of the writer's extraneous reputation; for Fitzgerald was a recluse with a tinge of misanthropy, nearly unknown to the outer world, except by one exquisite paraphrase of a Persian poem, and his popularity rests almost entirely upon his published correspondence. Of these letters, so excellent of their kind, can it be said that they have the note of improvisation, that they were written for a friend's eye, without thought or care for that ordeal of posthumous publication which has

added, as we have been told, a fresh terror to death? The composition is exactly suited to the tone of easy, pleasant conversation; the writing has a serene flow, with ripples of wit and humor; sometimes occupied with East-Anglian rusticities and local coloring, sometimes with pungent literary criticisms; it is never exuberant, but nowhere dull or commonplace; the language is concise, with a sedulous nicety of expression. A man of delicate irony, living apart from the rough, tumbling struggle for existence, he was in most things the very opposite to Carlyle, whose "French Revolution" he admired not much, and who, he thinks, "ought to be laughed at a little." Such a man was not likely to write even the most ordinary letter without a certain degree of mental preparation, without some elaboration of thought, or solicitude as to form and finish, for all which processes he had ample leisure. It may be noticed that he never condescends to the travelling journal, and that his voyaging impressions are given in a few fine strokes; but, although he was a homekeeping Englishman, he was free from household cares, nor did he keep up that obligatory family correspondence which, when it is published to exhibit the domestic habits and affections of an eminent person, becomes ever after a dead weight upon his biography.

In endeavoring to analyze the charm of these delightful letters, we may suggest that they gain their special flavor from his talent for compounding them, like a skilful *chef de cuisine*, out of various materials or intellectual condiments assorted and dexterously blended. He is an able and accomplished egoist, one of the few modern Englishmen who are able to plant themselves contentedly, like a tree, in one spot, and who prefer books to company, the sedentary to the stirring life. He was not cut off, like Cowper, a hundred years earlier, from the outer world in winter and rough weather, yet he had few visitors and went abroad little; so that he had ample leisure for perusal and re-perusal of the classic masterpieces, ancient and modern, and for surveying the field of

contemporary literature. His letters to Fanny Kemble have the advantage of unity in tone that belongs to a series written to the same person, though the absence of replies is apt to produce the effect of a monologue. How far good letter-writing depends upon the course of exchange, upon the stimulus of pleasant and prompt replies, is a question not easily answered, since the correspondence on both sides of two good writers is very rarely put together. Mrs. Kemble had certain fixed rules which must have been fatal to the free epistolary spirit. "I never write," she said, "until I am written to; I always write when I am written to, and I make a point of always returning the same amount of paper that I receive;" but at any rate it is evident that Fitzgerald's letters to her were regularly answered. He had a light hand on descriptions of season and scenery; he could give the autumnal atmosphere, the awakening of leaf and flower in spring, the distant roar of the German Ocean on the East-Anglian coast. As he could record his daily life without the minute prolixity of a diary, so he could throw off criticisms on books without falling into the manner of an essayist. In regard to the "fuliginous and spasmodic Carlyle," he asks doubtfully whether he with all his genius will not subside into the Level that covers, and consists of, decayed literary vegetation. "And Dickens, with all his genius, but whose men and women act and talk already after a more obsolete fashion than Shakespeare's?" None of the contemporary poets—Tennyson, Browning, or Swinburne—seem to have entirely satisfied him; he loved the quiet landscapes and rural tales of Crabbe, who is now read by very few; and he quotes with manifest enjoyment the lines:—

In a small cottage on the rising ground,
West of the waves and just beyond the
sound.

"The sea," he writes, "somehow talks to one of old things," probably because it is changeless by comparison with the land; and a man whose life is still and solitary is affected by the transi-

tory aspect of natural things, because he can watch them pass. As old friends drop off he touches in his letters upon the memories of days that are gone, and he consorts more and more with the personages of his favorite poets and romancers living thus, as he says, among shadows.

Here is a man to whom correspondence was a real solace and a vehicle of thought and feeling, not a mere notebook of travel, nor a conduit of confidential small talk. A faint odor of the seasons hangs round some of these letters, of the sunshine and rain, of dark days and roads blocked with snow, of the first spring crocus and the faded autumnal garden plots. We can perceive that, as his retirement became habitual with increasing age, the correspondence became his main outlet of ideas and sensations, taking more and more the place of friendly visits and personal discussion as a channel of intercourse with the external world. The Hindu sages despised action as destructive of thought; and undoubtedly the cool secluded vale of life is good for the cultivation of letter-writing, in one who has the artistic hand, and to whom this method of gathering up the fruits of reading and meditation, the harvest of a quiet eye, comes easily. In many respects the letters of Fitzgerald, like his life, are in strong contrast to Carlyle's; and Fitzgerald was somewhat startled by the publication of Carlyle's reminiscences. He thinks that, on the whole, "they had better have been kept unpublished;" though on reading the "Biography" he writes: "I did not know that Carlyle was so good, grand, and even lovable, till I read the letters which Froude now edits." He himself was not likely to give the general reader more than he wished to be known about his private affairs; and if one or two remarks with a sting in them appeared when these letters were first published in a magazine, they have been carefully excerpted from the book. The mellow music of his tones, the self-restraint and meditative attitude, are pleasant to the reader after the turbid utterances and twisted language of

Carlyle; we may compare the stirring rebellious spirit brooding over the folly of mankind with the man who takes humanity as he finds it, and is content to make the best of a world in which he sees not much, beyond art and nature and a few old friends, to interest him. Upon the whole, we may place Carlyle and Fitzgerald, each in his very different manner, at the head of all the letter-writers of the generation to which they belong, which is not precisely our own. It is to be recollected that a man must be dead before he can win reputation in this particular branch of literature, and that he cannot be fairly judged until time has removed many obstacles to unreserved publication. But both Carlyle and Fitzgerald had long lives.

Mr. Stevenson, whose letters are the latest important contribution to this department of the national library, died early, in the full force of his intellect, at the zenith of his fame as a writer of romance. His letters have been edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, with all the sympathy and insight into character that are inspired by congenial tastes and close friendship; and his preface gives an excellent account of the conditions, physical and mental, under which they were written, and of the limitations observed in the editing of them.

Begun [Mr. Colvin says] without a thought of publicity, not simply to maintain an intimacy undiminished by separation, they assumed in the course of two or three years a bulk so considerable, and contained so much of the matter of his daily life and thoughts, that it by and by occurred to him . . . that "some kind of a book" might be extracted out of them after his death. . . . In a correspondence so unreserved, the duty of suppression and selection must needs be delicate. Belonging to the race of Scott and Dumas, of the romantic narrators and creators, Stevenson belonged no less to that of Montaigne and the literary egotists. . . . He was a watchful and ever interested observer of the motions of his own mind.

The whole passage, too long to be quoted, suggests an instructive analysis of the mental qualities and disposition that go to make a good letter-writer

—a dash of egotism, sensitiveness to outward impressions, literary charm, the habit of keeping a frank and familiar record of every day's moods, thoughts, and doings, the picturesque surroundings of a strange land. In these journal letters from Samoa the canon of improvisation is to a certain extent infringed, for Stevenson wrote with publicity in distant view; and the depressing influence of remoteness is in his case overcome, for he lived in tropical Polynesia, "far off amid the melancholy main," and had speech with his correspondent only at long intervals. But it is the privilege of genius to disconcert the rules of criticism; the letters have none of the vices of the diary, the trivialities are never dull, the incidents are uncommon or uncommonly well told, and the writer is never caught looking over his shoulder at posterity.

For extracts there is now little space left in this article; but we may quote, to show Stevenson's style of landscape painting, a few lines describing a morning in Samoa after a heavy gale:—

I woke this morning to find the blow quite ended. The heaven was all a mottled grey; even the east quite colorless. The downward slope of the island veiled in wafts of vapor, blue like smoke; not a leaf stirred on the tallest tree. Only three miles below me on the barrier reef I could see the individual breakers curl and fall, and hear their conjunct roaring rise, like the roar of a thoroughfare close by.

It is good for the imaginative letter-writer to live within sight and sound of the sea, to hear the long roll, and to see from his window "a nick of the blue Pacific." It is also good for him to be within range of savage warfare, and to take long rough rides in a disturbed country. On one such occasion he writes:—

Conceive such an outing, remember the pallid brute that lived in Skerryvore like a weevil in a biscuit, and receive the intelligence that I was rather the better for my journey. Twenty miles ride, sixteen fences taken, ten of the miles in a drenching rain, seven of them fasting and in the morning chill, and six stricken

hours' discussion with the political interpreter, to say nothing of sleeping in a native house, at which many of our excellent literati would look askance of itself.

The feat might not seem miraculous to a captain of frontier irregulars in hard training, but for a delicate novelist in weak health it was pluckily done. These letters would be readable if Stevenson had written nothing else, though of course their worth is doubled by our interest in a man of singular talent who died prematurely. They illustrate the tale of his life and portray his character; and they form an addition, valuable in itself, and unique as a variety, to the series of memorable English letter-writers.

Mr. Colvin mentions, in his preface, that Stevenson's talk was irresistibly sympathetic and inspiring, full of matter and mirth. It cannot be denied that between correspondence and conversation, regarded as fine arts, there is a close kinship; and very similar reasons have been alleged for the common belief that both are on the decline. Whether such a belief has any solid foundation in the case of letter-writing, we may be warranted in doubting. Observations of this sort, which have a false air of acuteness and profundity, are repeated periodically. The remark so constantly made at this moment, that nowadays people read nothing but magazines, was made by Coleridge early in this century; and Southey prophesied the ruin of good letters from the penny post. It is true that the number of letters written must have increased enormously; it is also true that many more are published than heretofore, and that as a great many of these are not above mediocrity, are valueless as literature, and of little worth biographically, they produce on the disappointed reader the effect of a general depreciation of the standard. Nevertheless, this article will have been written to little purpose, unless it has shown fair cause for rejecting such a conclusion, and for maintaining that, although fine letter-writers, like poets, are few and far between, yet they have not been want-

ing in our own time, and are not likely to disappear. There will always be men, like Coleridge or Carlyle, whose impetuous thoughts and humoristic conceptions cannot perpetually submit to the forms and limitations and delays of printing and publishing, but must occasionally demand instant liberation and prompt delivery by the natural process of private letters. And although the stir and bustle of the world is increasing, so that quiet corners in it are not easily kept, yet it is probable that the race of literary recluses—of those who pass their days in reading books, in watching the course of affairs, and in corresponding with a select circle of friends—will also continue. Whether Englishwomen, who write letters up to a certain point better than Englishmen, will now rise, as Frenchwomen have done, to the highest line, and why they have not done so heretofore, are points that we have no space here for taking up.

But it is the exceptional peculiarity of letters, as a form of literature, that the writer can never superintend their publication. During his lifetime he has no control over them, they are not in his hands; and they do not appear until after his death. He must rely entirely, therefore, upon the discretion of his editor, who has to balance the wishes of a family, or the susceptibilities of an influential party in politics or religion, against his own notions of duty towards a departed friend, or against his artistic inclination towards presenting to the world a true and unvarnished picture of some remarkable personage. He may resolve, as Froude did in the case of Carlyle, that "the sharpest scrutiny is the condition of enduring fame," and may determine not to conceal the frailties or the underlying motives which explain conduct and character. He may refuse, as in the case of Cardinal Manning, to set up a smooth and whitened monumental effigy, plastered over with colorless panegyric, and may insist on showing a man's true proportions in the alternate light and shadow through which every life naturally and inevitably passes. But such considera-

tions would lead us beyond our special subject into the larger field of biography; and we must be content, on the present occasion, with this endeavor to sketch in bare outline the history and development of English letter-writing, and to examine very briefly the elementary conditions that conduce to success in an art that is universally practised, but in which high excellence is so very rarely attained.

From Longman's Magazine.
THE MAN OF BATH.

Pope has made all readers familiar with the name of "The Man of Ross." In a few very conventional and very ungrammatical lines—for Pope, the supremely "correct" poet, was, like a certain emperor, above grammar—he has sung the praises of an admirable man who was never weary of devoting his comparatively small income to public and private charities. Pope did not himself know "The Man of Ross." But among Pope's personal friends there was one who was known by a somewhat similar title. This was Ralph Allen, "The Man of Bath." He was the friend, not of Pope only, but of Pitt, Fielding, Smollett, Warburton, Chesterfield, Garrick, Gainsborough, and very many others. Allen, though very far from being an uninteresting man in himself, is now practically forgotten. But a man who could number such names as these among his friends cannot have been quite an ordinary man. And, indeed, he was not. He remains, however, a man whose interest or posterity lies chiefly in his association with the names of others far more famous than himself.

A very few sentences will suffice to tell the story of the boy who rose from poverty to enormous wealth, and to the friendship of all the leading Englishmen of his time. Ralph Allen was born in Cornwall in 1694. He was the son of the landlord of one of the old-fashioned, comfortable, roadside inns of those days. A grave, courteous, and intelli-

gent lad, he was free from all vanity and conceit, but was always perfectly self-possessed. His grandmother had the charge of a post-office in Cornwall, and the boy was employed there. He gave such satisfaction that in 1715, when he was about twenty-one years of age, he was promoted to the office at Bath. Very soon he himself became post-master. He was full of schemes for postal reform, pressing his plans with modest earnestness on the authorities in London. The details of the reforms which he effected belong to a history of the post-office. It is sufficient to say that he did much to revolutionize the postal system, and that, by so doing, he laid the foundation of his great fortune and of his social standing in Bath. He used his influence in the most honorable and beneficial way. In the almost overwhelming prosperity which came upon him, he was always calm, courteous, modest; a man of great capacity for work; always setting his work above himself, and never himself above his work. His private generosity was unbounded, and Bath knows what his public liberality was. This was a man of unrivalled tact, of the serenest temper; plain, of an unassuming dignity, almost Quaker-like in his ways, in spite of his commanding position; yet one who never, in face of the greatest in the land, allowed the simplicity of his manner to hide his dignity of mind. He died in 1764, at the age of seventy-one.

Out of his abounding wealth, Allen built for himself a splendid abode, and delighted—without any ostentation, though at the same time with a certain old-fashioned stateliness—to invite distinguished men to his house and gardens. No eminent Englishman of the day, if visiting Bath or its neighborhood, failed to receive an invitation and a welcome to Prior Park. Passing over Marshal Wade, one of whose daughters was Allen's first wife, we find Allen on intimate terms with Pope. The intimacy between the two men began in connection with one of the most of the many discreditable incidents in Pope's literary career. Mr.

Leslie Stephen writes strongly, but not too strongly, when he says in reference to the correspondence of Pope: "It is painful to track the strange deceptions of a man of genius as a detective unravels the misdeeds of an accomplished swindler." Pope was a confirmed liar, and he lied very hard indeed about the publication of his letters. Having, by means of a trick, secured their publication by a notorious piratical bookseller, he at once declared that the letters were forgeries. Yet while he was calling out for their suppression he was really anxious for their sale. The details of all his trickery and lying need not be gone into here. Pope, full of vanity, and longing to publish his correspondence, had purposely employed a notorious bookseller to issue an edition, in order that he might then be able to say that the version was a piratical one, and that in self-defence he must publish the genuine text. The odd thing is that, though the whole affair was exposed at the time, it does not seem to have done Pope any harm. Dr. Johnson, indeed, says that it did him good, and that the nation was full of praise for the admirable qualities of candor, benevolence, and fidelity which the letters revealed. Here is some comfort for any living literary genius who has not yet published his private correspondence.

Among those who were taken in by Pope's fine sentiments was Ralph Allen. Shrewd as he was in business, Allen had a vein of simplicity in his character, and, being a good man himself, was perhaps rather too willing to believe in the supposed goodness of others. At any rate, he so admired these letters that he wrote to Pope, in 1736, offering to pay the expense of a genuine edition. Pope preferred other ways of publication. But he wrote in a rather fawning style of thanks to Allen, and added:—

"Did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby

promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it."

Pope did draw upon Allen. But he had a strange idea of the usual methods of repayment, as will be seen from Allen's quiet comment on a portion of Pope's will.

This incident of the letters was the beginning of a friendship between Pope and Allen. Pope soon became a frequent visitor at Prior Park, where he was simply loaded with kindness. Pope's own letters abundantly prove this. For many years he was an inmate of Allen's house during the Bath season, and it was there that in 1741 he completed the "Dunciad."

The one thing that keeps Allen in the memory of the general reader is Pope's couplet:—

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

But this was not what Pope originally wrote. In his first version "humble Allen" was "low-born Allen." Allen was a man of far too great independence and dignity of character to be offended if any one—especially a shop-keeper's son—reminded him that he was of lowly birth. Allen was only the son of an innkeeper; Pope was only the son of a linen-draper. There is really not very much to choose between the two. Pope may have meant well when he altered the epithet; he may have wished his readers to think less of Allen's humble birth, and more of his unpretentious character. But whatever Pope meant by either of his adjectives, there is a rather unpleasant air of condescending patronage in his language. Pope possibly had no offensive intention. But his bad taste was gross. Take the following letters, and let it be remembered that Pope, asking in 1738 if he might put Allen's name into one of his poems, had already, without asking, done so three years before. Pope writes:—

"Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it), provided I say something of you which most people will take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion."

This is sheer hypocrisy, and Pope's offence is made worse by another letter which he wrote to Allen in the same year. Allen was too magnanimous to publish it, and it did not appear till seven years after Pope's death:—

"I am going to insert in the body of my works my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public to correct myself on such occasions, and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for example, either good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before till I had made experiments of it, I mean humility. I must, therefore, in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born* to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell everybody this change was not made at yours, or at any friend's request for you, but from my own knowledge you merited it."

A less generous man than Allen would have resented such condescending insolence. But Allen took no notice of it. He merely went on helping Pope with personal friendship and with money. It is true that the friendship between the two men was slightly cooled for a very brief period shortly before Pope's death. The exact cause of their difference is a little obscure. Martha Blount seems to have been at the bottom of it. Pope's affection for her is well known, and not the slightest reproach attaches to their friendship. But Patty, when visiting at Prior Park with Pope, does not seem to have got on very well with Mrs. Allen. Pope took offence. Some say that he was angry because Mrs. Allen resented

Martha Blount's insolent and arrogant ways. Others assert that Pope's ill-feeling arose because Allen, when mayor of Bath, declined to allow Miss Blount to use his carriage to drive to a Roman Catholic chapel. Miss Blount herself very absurdly said to Spence that the Allens treated Pope with rudeness and unkindness—a stupid assertion, disproved by no one more amply than by Pope himself. The little difference was a trifling one. Allen himself thought that it was simply a case of two women who did not quite understand each other, and who needlessly exaggerated their small misunderstandings. Most quarrels are mere misunderstandings. Things were very soon made up between Allen and Pope. The very slight coolness between the two occurred only a very little time before Pope's death. Pope invited Allen to Twickenham, and there was a ready reconciliation.

Allen and Pope are rather curiously connected in Pope's will. Pope had made for himself a fair income by his literary work, especially by his translation of Homer, and very specially by his shabby payment of the men who helped him in that undertaking. Of course, Pope's few thousands were nothing more than a few pence to a man of Allen's great wealth. Yet Pope leaves Allen 150*l*.! Even when he was writing his will, Pope could not speak as a straightforward man. He leaves this ridiculous sum to one of the richest men of the day, "being, to the best of my calculation, the amount of what I have received from him, partly for my own and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way I am persuaded he will not dislike—to the benefit of the Bath Hospital."

Allen, of course, handed the money to the hospital, dryly remarking that Pope was always a bad accountant, and that he would have been nearer the mark if he had not forgotten to add another cypher to the 150*l*. Johnson says that Pope "brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention of Allen,

and the affected repayment of his benefactions." On the whole, Pope does not show very well in his connection with Allen. It is only too easy to see that the generosity and uprightness were on the side of the forgotten Allen, and not on the side of the famous Pope.

Pope's intimacy with Allen links the name of "The Man of Bath" with that of another celebrity of the time who was closely connected with Pope's literary career. A seemingly trifling incident led to important results in the life of William Warburton. One day when Pope was dining with Allen, a servant handed him a letter. Pope read it, and seemed greatly agitated. He told Allen that a Lincolnshire clergyman, to whom he was much indebted, was about to pay a visit to him at Twickenham. Allen, in his generous way, at once asked Pope to invite his friend to Prior Park. Pope's friend was Warburton—a man at that time of no very high standing in the Church. Allen's offer was gladly accepted by Pope, who did not know that at the same time he was making Warburton's fortune. In sending the invitation to Warburton, Pope showed his high appreciation of Allen's character. He wrote in 1741:—

"I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place that your exhortations may be most effectual to make me assume the studies I had almost laid aside by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you. . . . The worthy man who is the master of it invites you in the strongest terms, and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than with what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. . . . You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. There is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me."

Allen added his invitation to Pope's, and Warburton soon had reason to congratulate himself upon his friendship with "The Man of Bath." Pope had said to Allen that this Lincolnshire clergyman had done him a great service. A curious service it was. Pope had written his "Essay on Man," a confused compilation, made up out of suggestions from Bolingbroke, who told Pope all he knew about Shaftesbury and Leibnitz. A cry was at once raised that the poem was unorthodox, and Pope, quite ignorant of his subject, was unable to defend himself. Warburton had been one of those who joined in the attack on Pope. The poem, said Warburton, was atheistic. Pope retorted that Warburton was a "sneaking parson." Yet Warburton, for reasons of his own, was soon writing in defence of Pope, and Pope, a Roman Catholic, was enchanted to receive support from a clergyman of the Church of England. Thus it was that Allen's invitation to Warburton gave Pope so much delight. At Prior Park, Warburton did some exceedingly good strokes of business. He made himself attractive to Allen's favorite niece, and married her. As Allen left to his niece the greater part of his money and property, Warburton duly became the master of Prior Park. And it was Allen, too, who got him his bishopric. For Pitt, through Allen's influence, was member of Parliament for Bath, and he gave the bishopric of Gloucester to Allen's friend.

It has been thought that Warburton rather "sponged" on Allen. There is an anecdote which gives some little confirmation to this suspicion. It happened once that Warburton and Quin, the actor, were guests together at Allen's house. One evening, Quin, to entertain the party in the drawing-room, offered to recite a passage from Otway's "Venice Preserved." His looks and gestures made every one see that he meant Allen and Warburton when he spoke:—

Honest men
Are the soft, easy cushions on which
knaves
Repose and fatten.

But if one has no very great admiration for Warburton, and does not read the "Divine Legation of Moses," Warburton, at least, deserves his due. He seems to have had a sincere attachment to Allen. In one of his letters he writes: "He [Allen] is, I verily believe, the greatest private character in any age of the world. . . . I have studied his character, even maliciously, to find where the weakness lies, but in vain. . . . In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from Heaven would they study to deserve them." This, of course, is the usual eighteenth-century style of epistolary exaggeration, but Warburton seems to have been sincere.

Pope, Allen, and Warburton were once painted together at Prior Park. It might be interesting to know where his picture may now be found.

The name of England's greatest novelist is closely associated with Allen's. Before Fielding knew Allen, Sarah Fielding, the novelist's sister, was a frequent guest at Prior Park. She lived very quietly in the neighborhood of Bath and Allen showed her much kindness. When Henry Fielding visited her there, and was writing "Tom Jones" at Bath, he dined almost every day at Allen's. It is said that Allen's admiration of Fielding's genius had moved him to present the novelist with two hundred guineas before there was the slightest personal acquaintance between them. Bishop Hurd met Fielding once at dinner at Prior Park. He wrote of him afterwards as a "poor, emaciated, worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery." Perhaps Fielding had been indulging in the not very difficult task of making fun of a fifth-rate bishop. Allen was not the man to invite worn-out rakes to his house and table. All readers of eighteenth-century English literature know that it was Allen whom Fielding pictured in his Squire Allworthy. He shows us Allworthy walking in his splendid grounds on a May morning, contemplating generous actions, when "in full

blaze of his majesty up rose the Sun, than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures." The sentence, through its exaggeration, loses its claim to good taste; but there is no doubt that Fielding really meant what he said.

Fielding's other most famous novels are connected with the name of Allen. In "Joseph Andrews," Fielding compared Allen to "The Man of Ross." "Some gentlemen of our cloth," says Andrews, "report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard Squire Pope, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al—, Al—; I forget his name. . . . This gentleman hath built up a stately house, too, which the squire likes very well. But his charity is seen further than his house, though it stands on a hill; ay, and brings him more honor, too."

Allen constantly helped Fielding, and Fielding thus dedicated "Amelia" to him:—

"Sir,—The following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue. . . . The best man is the properest patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public voice, I think, be more divided, to whom they will give that appellation. Should a letter, indeed, be thus inscribed, *Detur Optimo*, there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction. . . . Long, very long may it be, before a most dreadful circumstance shall make it possible for any pen to draw a just and true character of yourself, without incurring a suspicion of flattery in the bosoms of the malignant. This task, therefore, I shall defer till that day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it) when every good man shall pay a tear for the satisfaction of his curiosity; a day which at present, I believe, there is but

one good man in the world who can think of without unconcern.

"Accept then, sir, this small token of that love, that gratitude, and that respect with which I shall always esteem it my greatest honor to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

"HENRY FIELDING."

A sentence from Allen's will shows that he did not forget Fielding's family:—

"I give to the three children of Henry Fielding, Esquire, deceased, the sum of one hundred pounds each, and to their aunt, Sarah Fielding, I give the sum of one hundred pounds, which said four legacies I will be paid in twelve months after my decease."

Allen's importance in Bath is amply proved by the fact that, as before noted, it was through his influence that Pitt became member for the town in 1757. Pitt had occasionally stayed in Bath before he became its representative, and his friendship with Allen was very intimate. It seems pretty certain that Allen paid Pitt's election expenses both in 1757 and in 1761. This is how Pitt wrote to Allen in June, 1757:—

"Dear Sir,—The repeated instances of your kind friendship and too favorable opinion of your faithful servant are such and so many that thanks and acknowledgments are quite inadequate. Give me leave to present them to you, with a heart as truly yours as, on that account, makes me hope your goodness will accept them for something. I am, with my whole heart,

"Dear Sir, your ever obliged and affectionate servant,

W. PITT."

This is rather confused English composition, but the meaning is obvious enough. Allen's help was forthcoming again at the next election. There is preserved in the British Museum a letter from Pitt to Allen, dated from St. James's Square, December 16, 1760:—

"Dear Sir,—The very affecting token of esteem and affection which you put into my hands last night at parting,

has left impressions on my heart which I can neither express nor conceal. If the approbation of the good and wise be our wish, how must I feel the sanction of applause and friendship, accompany'd with such an endearing act of kindness from the best of men? True Gratitude. Is ever the justest of sentiments, and Pride too, I indulge on this occasion, may, I trust, not be disclaim'd by virtue. May the gracious Heavens long continue to lend you to mankind, and particularly to the happiness of him who is unceasingly with the warmest gratitude, respect, and affection.

"My dear sir, your most faithfull [*sic*] friend,

"And most obliged humble servant,

"WM. PITT."

It is to be regretted that the relations between Pitt and Allen were a little overclouded shortly before Allen's death; but it is pleasant to know that their slight difference was entirely on a political question, and that their private and personal friendship was not for a moment interrupted. Pitt, who had been practically driven from office soon after the accession of George the Third, thought that the Peace of Paris, which in 1763 closed the Seven Years War, was an inglorious affair. He strongly opposed it. This brought him into some conflict with Allen. For among the many addresses of thanks to the king for the conclusion of the peace was one from the Corporation of Bath. It thanked the king for an "adequate" peace, and of course reflected Allen's views. Pitt, who was member for Bath through Allen's influence, was greatly offended. He resolved to resign his seat. A correspondence between the two men followed. Allen wrote expressing not only his respect and affection for Pitt, but his veneration for Pitt's whole conduct. Pitt replied in equally cordial and generous terms, but could not accept the views of Allen and the Bath Corporation on the Peace of Paris. Other letters followed, full of expressions of the deepest personal esteem; while on the

political side Allen writes: "It is impossible for any person to retain higher sentiments of your late glorious administration than I do."

This honest disagreement on a merely political question left the other relations between the two friends absolutely unchanged. Allen, who died the next year, wrote in his will: "For the last instance of my friendship and grateful regard for the best of friends, as well as the most upright and ablest of ministers that has adorned our country, I give to the Right Honorable William Pitt the sum of one thousand pounds." On his death-bed Allen repeated his good-will towards Pitt. And when Allen died, Pitt wrote to his widow: "I fear not all the example of his virtues will have power to raise up to the world his like again." Everything in this incident in the friendship between Pitt and Allen is equally honorable to both of them.

Of friends less distinguished than Pope, Pitt, and Fielding, Allen had good store. Gainsborough and Garrick were frequent visitors together at Prior Park, where the famous artist painted one of the portraits of the famous actor. And Richardson, too, was admitted. How like this sleek London shopkeeper, a man constantly attended by a crowd of tea-drinking and toast-eating women, is his pride in avowing that he had had the honor of being invited to dine with Allen. "Twenty years ago," said Richardson in his shopkeeper style, "I was the most obscure man in Great Britain, and now I am admitted to the company of the first characters in the kingdom." Richardson had never much reputation for refined dignity of manner, and talk of this kind shows that he never deserved to have it.

It has been said with truth that Prior Park in Allen's day was to Bath what Holland House was to London in later times. Perhaps one may add that there was more informal geniality and fuller freedom of talk—as distinguished from monologue—in the house at Bath than in the more famous salon at Kensington.

ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE.

From *The National Review*.
THE THRONE OF THUNDER.

BY MISS MARY KINGSLEY.

Mungo Mah Lobeh, *The Throne*, or place, of *Thunder*, as the Natives call it, *The Peak of Cameroons* as the Whites call it, is the highest point on the western side of the African Continent.

The first view the voyager gets of it, who, coming from the north, has been coasting for weeks, along low shores, and up the stagnant rivers fringed with mangrove swamp is a thing no man can ever forget. Suddenly, right up out of the sea, the great mountain rises to its 13,760 feet, while close at hand, to westward, towers the lovely island mass of Fernando Po to its 10,190 feet; and great as is its first charm, every time you see it, it becomes greater, although it is never the same. Five times I have been in the beautiful bay at its foot, and never seen it twice alike; sometimes it is wreathed with indigo-black tornado clouds, sometimes crested with snow, sometimes standing out hard and clear as though made of metal, and sometimes softly gorgeous, with green, gold, purple, and pink vapors, tinted by the sunset. There are only two distinct mountains, or peaks, to this glorious thing that geologists brutally call "an intrusive mass"—Big Cameroon and Little Cameroon. The latter, Mungo Mah Etindeh, has not yet been scaled, though it is only 5,820 feet; one reason for this doubtless is that people desirous of going up mountains, a rather rare form of human being in fever-stricken, overworked West Africa, naturally try for the big peak; also the little peak is mostly sheer cliff, and covered with almost impenetrable bush. Behind the Cameroons mountain, inland, there are two chains of mountains, or one chain deflected, bearing the names of the Rumbi and Omon mountains. These are little known at present, and are clearly no relation of Mungo's; they are almost at right angles to it, and are, I believe, infinitely older in structure, and continuous with the many-named range we know in Congo Française as the Sierra del

Crystal. In a south-west direction from Cameroons mountain, out in the Atlantic, are a series of volcanic islands, presumably belonging to the same volcanic line of activity—Principe, 3,000 feet; San Thomé, 4,913 feet; and, further away still, Ascension, Saint Helena, and the Tristan d'Acunha groups. The Cameroons mountains cover, it is said, a base twenty miles in diameter, and some seven hundred or eight hundred miles in extent, but to the N.E. and N.N.E. this country is unexplored by white men.

Cameroons mountain was first ascended by Merrick in 1847, but he failed to reach the summit, and the first successful attempt was that of Burton, Mann, and Calvo in 1862. Herr Mann claimed to have ascended it a few days before he was joined by the others, but this Burton seems to doubt.

Since then twenty-seven white men have reached the peak, and the account I give is an account of the twenty-eighth ascent, the second successful attempt from the S.E. face. The other people, with the exception of the first lieutenant and doctor of the *Hyaena*, a German man-of-war stationed in Cameroons have gone up from the sea front via Babundi.

Since my return to England I have read Sir Richard Burton's account, and as the account you will hereinafter find will be very inferior to that of this most vivid writer, I will just quote his account of the summit itself:—

"Victoria mountain, now proved to be a shell of a huge double crata opening to the south-eastward, where a tremendous torrent of fire had broken down the weaker wall. The whole interior and its accessible beach now lay before me, plunging sheer in vertical cliff. The depth of the bowl may be three hundred and sixty feet. The total diameter of the two, which are separated by a rough partition of lava, one thousand feet. . . . Not a blade of grass, not a thread of moss, breaks the gloom of the Plutonic pit, which is as black as Erebus except where the fire has painted it red and yellow."

I will now proceed to tell you how I

got into this "Plutonic pit" through the S.E. break in it.

I left Victoria at 7.30 on the 20th of last September, in fine weather, and with a gang of miscellaneous men Bum, the head man, was a Bassa boy, there was one other Bassa boy, two Wel Weis, one Sierra Leonean, a Timneh boy, named Ke falla, and two natives of the mountain, Bakwiris.

Herr von Lucke, the governor of Victoria, or more truly the government-staff of Victoria, for his subordinate officials were, I regret to say, almost all down with fever, came with me as far as the bridge across the Lukola River, although I besought him not, and he was himself almost convinced that he could not be in three places at one time, from the series of experiments he had energetically been carrying on for some weeks; however, man-like, instead of giving the thing up and getting ill himself, as I should have done, he must needs go and start an experiment series for four places, and see me on my way, and then, after giving me valuable advice, and my men strict injunctions to behave well, and prophesying me a terrific cold in the head, he marched back to look after Victoria in detail at the rate of about seven miles an hour.

I, with my gang, kept up the grand new government road. This road is quite the most magnificent of roads as regards breadth and general intention that I have ever seen in Africa, and it runs through the most superbly beautiful country. It is, I should say, as broad as Oxford Street. On either side of it there are deep open drains, to carry off the surface water, and then come banks of varied and beautiful tropical shrubs and ferns, behind which rises one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet high walls of grand forest, the columns—like stems either hung with flowering climbing plants or ferns, or showing soft red and soft grey shafts for sixty and seventy feet without one interrupting branch. Behind these, again, high up against the sky, are the beautiful foot-hills of Mungo Mah Lobeh, colored, in the mist-laden air, a most perfect dark, lambent blue. The

whole scheme of color is indescribably rich and full in tone. The very earth underfoot is a velvety red-brown, and the butterflies that abound show themselves off in the sunlight with their canary color, crimson, and peacock-blue liveries to perfection.

After five minutes experience of this road after passing the bridge, I added envy to admiration in my contemplation of those butterflies, for although I do not believe that on this earth there is a more lovely road than this which, when finished, is to go from Victoria to Buea, up three thousand feet on the face of the mountain, and although it is a noble and enterprising thing for a government to do, considering the climate and the country, yet, at present, to obtain any genuine pleasure out of it, it would be requisite to hover in a bird or butterfly-like way, for of all the awful things to walk on, that road was the worst I have ever met. This arose from its not being finished, not having its top on in fact; the first part you go over, which is finished, you could go over in a bath-chair, the rest of it makes you fit for one for the rest of your natural life, for it is one mass of broken lava rock, excellent stuff for the under-work of a road, with here and there a leviathan tree stump partially blown up with gunpowder.

When we neared the upper end of the road it came on to rain heavily, and I, noticing a little hut at the left-hand side of the road made for it, and found it belonged to the white engineer, an Alsatian gentleman, who was superintending the road-making by a large gang of cheerful natives, imported from the windward coast, of course. He most kindly invited me under the shelter of his verandah, the hut built by himself consisting of one room and a verandah, and the verandah was the best part of the structure. My men were in want of water, so I waited while they went for it to a place some twenty minutes off, meanwhile talking to the engineer, who I found had been in the employ of the Congo Free State Railway, and as I had been up this on my previous voyage to the coast, we

compared experiences. I will not narrate our observations, but I was glad to hear him say he found the German authorities infinitely better people to work for.

The rain kept on with unabated violence, but I presently observed Bum sitting right in the middle of the road, on a lump of lava, totally unsheltered, so I felt ashamed at displaying cowardice in the face of the black man's aquatic courage, and besides Herr von Lucke had said I was sure to be half-drowned and get that awful cold. So it was just as well to get the operation over, and off we started. I conscientiously held up my umbrella, knowing it was useless, but the proper thing to do, and in a few minutes we came to the upper end of the road, and turned off to the right into the unbroken forest, following a narrow, slippery, muddy, root-benetted path, that was a comfort after the road. Presently we came to a lovely mountain torrent flying down over red-brown rocks in white foam—an exquisite thing, and only a shade damper than the rest of things round. Seeing this I solemnly reefed my umbrella, and gave it to Ke falla, telling him to take care of it, as a curiosity. My relations say the most scathing things about my behavior with regard to water; but really my conduct is founded on sound principles. I know, from a series of carefully conducted experiments on the Devonian Lynn, that I cannot go across a river on stepping stones; attempts to keep my feet out of water only end in my violently putting the rest of myself in—I therefore take charge of fate and wade. This particular stream required most careful wading too, for the rocks over which it came with much violence, were arranged in picturesque but perilous confusion. However, all went well, and we clambered up the other side, the rain, meantime, coming down heavier than ever, and the atmosphere was like that in a cucumber frame with the lights on. We were evidently dealing with foot-hills, but the mist was too thick for us to see twenty yards in any direction. Out of it rose enormous

palms, and cotton-trees, many hung with climbing and parasitic plants, and we seemed to be passing through a ghostland forest as the great forms rose up in front of us, and faded away behind as we went on.

The rocks, which edge and strew the path, are covered with exquisite ferns, and mosses of every delicate shade of green, and here and there are touches of absolute gold-colored moss, which look as if some ray of sunlight had lingered too long playing on earth, and had got shut off from heaven by the mist, and was waiting till it could rejoin the sun. The path was now a shallow rushing torrent, with mud-thickened water, which cascaded round the front of our ankles, and occasionally round our knees in the hollows and round our heels as we went downhill. Underneath the water there was about an equal mixture of mud and rock, I judged by sensations, for I never saw my boots from the time we left the government road until we reached Buâna. From the top of these first foot-hills we should have had a fine view of the sea, had we not been surrounded by an atmosphere that was ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent. water; as it was, there was a vast white sheet, or, more properly speaking, considering its stuffy woolliness, a white blanket, stretched across the landscape to the south-west, where the sea would show.

On we went, up one hill and down another, sometimes passing through weed-grown native plantations, sometimes through stretches of high sugarcane-like grass, which hangs across the path in a lackadaisical way, swishing you in the face, cutting you like a knife when you get it edgewise, and pouring insidious rills of water down your neck.

I do not think the whole Atlantic Ocean could have got any more water on to me than I had by this time accumulated. Every now and then I pulled up and wrung some of it out of my skirt, because it was heavy. I did not imagine anything could have come down heavier in the way of water from

above than the rain, but it can; every now and again, when we had got to the top of one of the foot-hills, a cold breeze would come, that chilled you to the bone, and bent the heads of the palm-trees, and they sent down water by the bucketful, with a slap at you, hitting or missing as the case might be.

We were all getting anxious to reach Buâna, for we wanted our "chop," and a little after one o'clock we came up to the big hut Bum had been singing the charms of, and to our horror found it represented by a few charred poles and roof-mats. There had been a fire in that simple savage home. The path we were following is here cut by a path going east and west, and, after a consultation with the Bakwiris, we turned down to the east, down a steep slope among weedy plantations, and then up a steep little hill with a long, low hut at the top. Two European-dressed young natives came out and I asked them if they could spare room for us, volunteering the information I would pay for it, and they readily assented, and we filed dripping in. On this hill-top the wind was very chilly to us in our sodden garments, and my teeth chattered as I served out the rations to my men and gave them tobacco to buy firewood with from the owners of the house, who I found were Bible-readers for the Basel mission. As I was assured that the road on from this place to Buea was more rocky, mountainous, and altogether trying than the road we had come, and that we should get to the worst part of it after nightfall, and therefore, in all human probability "settle" there, I decided to remain at Buâna for the night, and did so, spending thereby the most wretched night I have ever spent in Africa, and sighing for the charms of the Fan villages I had left six weeks before. It was a noisy night withal, for it was market-day away down in Victoria, and fathers of families had gone down there shopping, and had not returned at a proper hour. The women in the village, foolish creatures, were evidently fearful that something had happened to them, or that they were lost, and kept up a

long-drawn, melancholy coo-ooing for them the whole night through. About 9.30 one husband returned to the next door hut, in a bellicose condition, and whacked his wives, and their squeaks and squalls, instead of acting as a warning to the other ladies, seemed to stimulate them to wilder, weirder coo-ooing than ever, for their lost lords to come home and whack them too, I suppose.

The next morning we were off early. It was still pouring with rain, and we trudged along back to the four-cross path, and picked up our old one, and followed it onward. The first part of the walk was through sticky, slippery mud, intensely sticky, and intensely slippery; the path underneath it was, I found, sharply V-shaped, and the safest part was through the deepest mud. On we went, patiently, mud pulling, through the valleys, then toiling up the side of a hill, among lumps of rock, skirting the summit of the hill, and then down over more lumps of rock, into a valley again. Evidently we were moving over a succession of foot-hills, but the mist was too thick for us to get a general view of the make of things. As we went on further, the hills became more and more abrupt in form, and the valleys became mere rocky ravines, each of which, the water-worn boulders demonstrated, was occupied by a rushing torrent during the wet season, but as I went up there were only isolated pools in them, for the weather before I left Victoria, I was told, had been dry for more than a fortnight, and the rich, porous earth here soaks up an immense amount of water. The slipperiness of this finely pulverized earth was remarkable; there is an outcrop of clay round by Buâna, but that is not so bad as the velvet-red earth, when wet. One ravine I shall not forget. It had a long, slippery slide down into it and out of it, on the other side there was a perfectly glassy slope—an almost irresistible passion to plant your nose against the hill-side and wave your earthward extremities in the air seized you when you were about the middle of the slope, or close to the top. Three of my men

gave way to this impulse. Of course I did not, but when I felt it coming on like a sort of fit, I threw myself into the scratchy bush that grows thickly on either side, and waited until the feeling went off, and then got out and had another try at the slide. A *very* pretty image I must have been at this time—black and red mud caked to the knees, blood about the face and hands, and drenching wet all over.

We passed by a widening in the path, which, since we had left the Buana plantation, lay through forest; this widening, I was told, was a bush market, and then we came to a smaller one, "where men blow," *i.e.*, rest, and we passed through an opening in the Great War Hedge of Buea. This war hedge is a very wonderful thing, the like of which I have not seen elsewhere in Africa. It is a growing stockade, some fifteen feet high, the lower part wattled with bush-rope and saplings. How far the hedge extends I cannot tell you, because I could find no one who could tell me, this part of the Cameroons mountains having only very recently been opened up by the Germans, and on this same path only a twelvemonth before, they had lost a gallant and universally esteemed lieutenant in a fight with the Bueans. A cross now marks the place where he fell, but his body now lies under a beautiful monument in Cameroons. I cut through this hedge five or six times during my stay on the mountain; it was always the same well-kept dense structure, and must have been a grand protection to Buea before the Germans came and determined to open up the country this fierce tribe had kept shut up, to open pacifically if possible, but to open it up.

The temperature in this higher region was quite cool after the days of suffocating heat below, and there were quantities of native indigo with its under leaf a blackish-blue, and lovely crotons with red markings on the upper leaf and crimson linings, and great banks of bergamot and balsam, returning good for evil, and smelling sweetly as we crushed them.

Now and again we got glimpses of the beauty of the surrounding country, when the winds from the mountain came and pushed aside the mist veil, for a second, like spirit hands, and then let it fall together again.

At last, when I was least expecting it, we reached Buea. Going down a large ravine-side we found ourselves facing a rushing river, wherein a squad of black soldiers were washing clothes, assisted by a squad of black ladies, with much skylarking and uproar. I hesitated on the bank. Query—Shall I make an exhibition of myself to these good people, or to the unknown German officer at Buea? Remembering the superior position of white men, I decided to appear before him as well as possible, so stood in the river and washed my face and hands, and some of the mud out of my skirts, and then waded through and wrung out on the further bank. But what is life without a towel? The ground on the further side was cleared, and bore only a heavy crop of balsam and bergamot, and a few yards on I found myself facing a plank and corrugated-iron little house, and a very large quadrangle surrounded by mat huts—the barrack-yard. A fine, grey-eyed, fair-haired German gentleman came forward to greet me; unfortunately I see I have not impressed him by my efforts to appear before him clean and tidy, and, hastily asking me into his spare room, he suggests an instant hot bath. Men can be trying. I declined the bath. For how, I should like to know, could I have a bath in a room that had got no door but slung army blankets, nor any windows but two pair of sketchy wooden shutters!

I was much struck by his house, and my admiration for the individual German increased. His government had sent the man up here with seventy black soldiers a few months before, and he now had had to superintend the building of the barracks for them, after clearing the ground of dense forest, and build his own house out of mere planks and sheets of corrugated iron; and he had done these things alone, and he had done them well; he had not

yet got so far as finishing fittings and window frames, but he was busy at them—and the luxurious creature had made the windows for his own room and stretched across them greased paper, and for his spare room, which he kindly placed at my disposal, he had made a washhand stand and a table. There was no looking-glass, but as a Danish lady once said anent the absence of this article in the Cavendish Laboratory, "That was no matter, for it would only a disappointment be."

After seeing my men housed, and giving them out their rations, I made a rapid change of raiment, and went out on to the verandah, and discoursed with Herr Liebertz while he made, in a very artful and professional way, a door. He was suffering from a very bad foot arising from some of the purulent matter from a sore on one of his men whom he was doctoring having got into a wound on his foot; he had nearly lost his leg or, more properly speaking, his life, for he lay thirteen days in bed, and there was no doctor nearer than Cameroons River to take the leg off if the sore had turned to gangrene. It struck me as a sharp contrast to the Niger Coast Protectorate, with its comfortable quarters and its thirteen doctors; however, he made nothing of it, and hopped about in a most energetic way, looking after his seventy soldiers, their wives and families, giving them out their rations, drilling them, and everything else, and a squad of black laborers into the bargain, and was hankering to do more. Many of his soldiers were down with bad feet in consequence of the badness of the paths here about. These soldiers are a mixture of Wei Weis and Yorubas; they are smart men, but the Fatherland has ordained that they shall wear braces, and those unnecessary articles, for an African, as soon as they were off guard, were worn flowing free. It was most amusing to watch them changing guard at the guard-house at the entrance to the barrack-yard. The squad going on guard would muster, salute, and all that sort of thing, and then march in a rigid manner to the guard-

house until they got within twenty yards of it where there was one of those Cameroon slides, and then flounder and flop for a few seconds down it—re-form, and go on guard in grand style.

The house at Buea faces the aforesaid barrack-yard, behind which the ground rises steeply, in a great band of high forest, which runs in tongues up into the great barren grass land above. This rises like a great wall and is the south-east face of the great south-east crater of Mungo. The peak itself we could not see because that rises again, above and beyond this largest of the seventy craters, but what we did see looked awfully steep when you knew you had to go up it. The bare neck of the crater itself is, I am told, two thousand feet, and as I looked up at it I remembered the words of my kind friend who landed me at Victoria, Captain Davies: "Look here, now, you'd better chuck it. It's not a picnic." I was much interested in the account I had of the gallant opening up of Buea. Bush fighting in this country is dreadfully dangerous work; you are hemmed in by bush on a narrow path where you must pass in single file, a target for all invisible hidden natives crouching in the dense undergrowth, and the war hedge I have mentioned was an additional danger to the attacking party. The lieutenant and his party had, after a stiff fight, succeeded in forcing an entrance through this, and then their ammunition gave out and they had to fall back. The Bueans, regarding this as their victory, rallied, and a chance shot killed the lieutenant instantly. A further expedition promptly went up from Victoria and whipped the error out of Buea's mind and a good many Bueans with it; but they have evidently been dealt mercifully with, for their big towns, Sapa, etc., are still standing, and the natives come to and fro into the barrack-yard, and down to Buana and Victoria markets in a perfectly contented way—a great advantage to them. I have long thought that there is a good deal of misconception at home regarding many points in this bush fighting. One is that you gain much by

forbidding the importation to the natives of "weapons of precision," i.e., rifles. I have been fired at by rifles and muskets, and I prefer rifles, as long as there are not too many; but given the choice of being fired at, by a bushman, with one rifle, or one musket, I do not think any experienced coaster would hesitate for a second in saying rifles; for having a weapon of precision is no advantage to you if you have not got precision yourself, and the untrained African cannot hit a haystack at forty yards, except by accident, whereas with a scatter gun, like a musket loaded with a miscellaneous collection of bits of iron pot, stones, and poisonous seeds, the chances are he will hit something, and when you get these rugged and poisonous abominations into you, there is no chance at all but what you will have a nasty, long-continuing wound.

The next morning I reconstituted my gang. Several of them were complaining of hot foot, and abdominal trouble. I kept Bum, Ke falla, Charley, and the cook, who gave himself great airs of knowing all about mountains, having been, he said, with a government expedition up a big mountain up Cameroons River, where "If you fall down one side you die. If you fall down other side you die." The officer gave me some laborers to replace those I sent back to Victoria, and we started off, led by a black sergeant, Sasu, to make a camp at the head of the forest belt. This we succeeded in doing, after making a false start up a densely overgrown track. It poured with rain, of course, a thing we might hardly have noticed, so accustomed to this state of weather had we become, had we not had our two first thunder-storms on the mountain. Never have I seen anything like the thunder-storms Mungo makes. Great masses of blue-black cloud used to roll out over the great crater above us, flashing lightning in their van, and being too heavily loaded to go to sea, as tornadoes should, simply sat down and burst in the forest. The sensation was not that of having a heavy storm burst over you at all. You

felt you were in its engine-room, when it had broken down badly. The lightning ran about the ground in livid streams of living death, and when this was over, the rain, if you may call it rain, when it disdains to go into details of drops, makes such a roar on the forest trees that you have to shout to make yourself heard.

The forest belt is of exceeding beauty, the lower slope of it close to Buea has groves of infinitely stately great tree ferns, satin-leaved begonias, and gigantic ammons, and the trees have a luxuriance of growth, and a size, and soft greenness of leaf I have never elsewhere seen. As we went higher the ferns grew less, and we passed into, and made our camp at, the edge of the forest, where a few steps would take you out on to the grass-land belt, between two long tongues of forest, every branch and twig whereof was festooned with long pale grey-green lichen. But where we built our fire house hut, we were just below the lichens. Imagine a vast, apparently limitless cathedral, with all its countless thousands of columns covered with the most exquisite dark-green, large-fronded moss, with here and there in it a delicate fern for decoration. The white wool mist came down from the grass land, stealing into the forest, creeping and twining round, and streaming through the columns, sweeping over us in sheets, and wrapping us in its chill, clammy embrace, now receding, now advancing, until it closed in, and made the atmosphere all its own; but, ah me! who can tell the glory, and the weirdness and the charm, a charm that calls you every hour you are away from those West African forests.

I will not say that forest camp was comfortable, but it would have been far less so had I not recently had a grand education in bush life from the Fans, and so knew of a certain tree, the pith whereof you can always make a fire with, let it rain never so heavily, and I also knew that, although you yourself could get on all right without a shelter, your fire could not in bad weather, and must have a house built for it. My men

were a set of semi-educated blacks, who had always been accustomed to be looked after, and fed like so many children, and I soon recognized that, although Bum was an honest, sober, strong fellow, he was too easy-going to keep order. In addition to this, the officer at Buea had lent me a regulation camp bed, and so imbued was this thing with the military spirit, that it exasperated me; nothing but a sincere regard for the owner, William, emperor of Germany, restrained me from boring holes right through the bed, for the waterproof ground sheet Herr von Lucke had lent me had had a label sewn on to it, hence it leaked, and the water besides drove in under it, when it was mounted on stakes over the bed as a shelter, so the bed was half its time a water tank. "My orders are to be waterproof," said the bed, "and waterproof I'll be." I made several powerful disparaging remarks to it for its rigid adherence to duty, and tilted it over to empty its water out, repeatedly, and left it behind in the forest camp, when, on the next morning, we started to make a camp up in the south-east crater.

I had taken compass bearings, and formed a plan of attack on the great crater wall, during a temporary surcease of rain the previous evening, and we all went off in high spirits, for it was a fine, sunny day. Little good it was to us, however. We made our way through the wet, waist-high, jungle grass, over the rocky hummocks, and the still rockier watercourses between them, to the foot of the wall. When we had nearly reached this I observed a halt being made, and, coming up with the others, found "Monrovia Boy" down a hole, a deep blow-hole, looking for water. I then learnt, for the first time, that we were utterly without water, and there was none to be got nearer than the stream down at Buea.

The suppression of this piece of information was evidently a trick of my men, who thought that, when I found this water palaver out, I should return, and they should go safely home, and get their pay, and live happily ever

after, without facing the traditional horrors and dangers of the peak. I did not enter into this view, but saw, unless the affair was instantly tackled, it meant failure, so I at once sent the most reliable boy down to Buea, with a note asking for five demijohns of water, and I sent three other boys back to the forest camp, one with orders to bring at once four bottles of soda water I had left there, and the others to bring up the demijohns of water to us the next day; I started up the wall, followed by Zenia and Black Boy. The others said they would come on with the soda water, and sat down.

The wall is not hard climbing. Seen from below, it looks almost vertical, but it is not, and it also looks most impressive from its enormous breadth, making an entire face to this side of the mountain.

It is covered with short, yellowish grass, through which the cinder-like lava rock protrudes. To the right and left of where I was there were two chasms, or scars, in its face, looking like gigantic quarries, and I made my way towards the left-hand one and skirted its rim. Soon the hot sun, which was reflected back by the rock, burnt my face mercilessly, and I thought, as there was lots of time, for we were only going to the crater above to camp that day, I would rest, and I did, close to another blow-hole. Zenia soon joined me, and flung himself down on the ground. "Where them Black boy live?" said I. "Black boy say he tire too much," said Zenia, and I looked down to see what had become of the rest of my Pappenheimers; there they were, still sitting, looking like little dolls in the distance below; below them again was the forest-belt on the slope of the mountain and then Buea station looking like little dolls' houses. Buea evidently stands on a shelf, and the plain round it runs along the mountain side for miles to the N.N.E. and S.S.W., a strange looking bit of country, clad with low bush, out of which rise isolated great white-stemmed cotton-trees; here and there curled up little blue whiffs of smoke from the native

towns—towns which, beyond Sappa, to the N.E. and N.N.E., have not yet been visited by white men. Below this plain was a dense belt of forest, and below and beyond this stretched the mangrove swamps, fringing the rivers and creeks, of the Great Cameroons estuary. This scene was a typical instance of the peculiar quality of beauty you often get in West Africa, namely, colossal sweeps of color. The mangrove swamps looked that day like one vast damson-colored carpet, threaded with silver where the waterways ran through it, spread at the foot of the great mountain. Far away eastward are seen the abrupt, strange forms of that range of mountains, of which we have many names but little knowledge, the Rumbi, or Omon,—which I have certain reasons to believe are a continuous chain with my well-beloved Sierra del Crystal. After taking bearings of two noteworthy peaks among them, I turned my face to the wall, and went on up, expressing a wish to Zenia that those men would hurry up, to which he sagely replied, "Softly, softly, still hurts the snail,"¹ The reflected sun from the rocks was trying, but the air was cool; and with a keen N.E. wind—a wind, I may remark, that seems to be always tearing across the Peak, for I find since I have read Burton on my return to England that he met it on the other face. I should not wonder if it is made here, considering the vileness of the other sorts of weather Mungo makes. I gradually made my way, now angling away to the right, until I came into a great lane, walled rather neatly with rock, as if it had been made by human hands. This ran up and down the mountain face, nearly vertically in places, at a stiff angle always, but it was easier going up the lane, because it was sheltered by the walls from the wind. When I reached the top of it, at the top of the mountain wall, I found myself facing a great rock-encumbered plain, across the other side of which rose the great,

many-pointed mass of the Peak, abruptly. Three rough cones were evidently higher than their comrades. This plain was now free from mist, but mist hung, and wandered across the grey summits, and the wall, from which they rose. Anxious to look towards the sea, I made my way towards the S.W. end of the wall I had ascended, which was the highest part of it, and when I got there I was rewarded for all and everything.

Some ten thousand feet below me lay Ambas Bay, with its diadem of forested foot-hills of Mungo, and its ornaments of rocky islands. The sea looked like a plain of frosted silver, and across it, out in the west, barely twenty miles distant, rose Fernando Po to its ten thousand one hundred and ninety feet, with that majestic grace peculiar to a volcanic island. To the S.E. was the glorious stretch of Cameroons estuary, with a line of white cloud lying along the course, Cameroons River, but the Bimbia, and Mungo Rivers, gleamed clear. In one of the chasms of the crater wall, I have mentioned, the one furthest to the left, there was a tornado thunder-storm brewing, and seemingly hanging on to, or streaming out of, the mountain side. A soft, billowy mass of dense, cream-colored cloud, with flashes of golden lightning playing about in it, with soft growls of thunder. As I stood, spell-bound, watching, I saw the white mist steal up from the mangrove swamps, growing rose-color in the light of the setting sun as it swept upwards over the purple, high forest. In the heavens above me was a vividly colored rainbow, one arm of which was behind the peak, the other in the sea of mist below, and the mist rose, and rose, turning from pale rose to lavender, and then, when the shadow of the great mountain fell on it, to a dull, leaden grey. It was soon at my feet, level with the top of the wall on which I stood, and then flowed over into the crater plain, and then everything was shut out, save the two summits—Cameroons close to me, and Clarence on Fernando Po. These two stood out alone, like two great

¹ An old, common native proverb, meaning, however little you hurry a snail you incommode it.

mountain island masses made of iron, rising from a formless, silken sea. The space around was boundless, infinite; there was neither sound, nor color, and nothing with definite form, save these. It was like a vision, and fascinated me as I stood with nothing but the power to gaze on it, and the feeling of gratitude at being allowed to do so, until the memory of those anything but sublime men of mine came into my wool-gathering mind, and I turned and scuttled off, like an agitated ant left alone in a dead universe, with the knee deep mist flying from my swinging skirts. I soon picked up the place I had ascended by, and went down over, with three times the rapidity, and ten times the scratches and grazes that I had got in coming up. I soon found the place where I had left Zenia, but there was no Zenia there, nor any response to my bush-call for him. So I did not wait to erect a monument to his memory, but in the rapidly fading light went on, and came upon the place where I had left the men, but there were no men; I did not erect a monument to them, though I am afraid I wished they were in a condition to require it. The air was full of white mist now, but there was enough light to see the rocks I had made note of, and the trodden down grass. Shortly after this, I found Zenia, lost on his own account, and distinctly quaint in manner. Then I remembered I had been warned that Zenia was slightly crazy, and this seemed confirmed when I found he had, earlier in the afternoon, given Black Boy my bag and taken in exchange for it a broken lantern with no candle in it, and the lid of a saucepan—a pretty outfit to spend the night with, in this country!

The moving moon went up the sky
And nowhere did abide,
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside.

Only she was a young, and inefficient moon, and as I have said before, it was misty, and Zenia and I had a fine, variegated set of athletic experiences before we found our entrance in the

forest wall to our camp, a thing at the best of times about as easy as to find a rabbit hole; but we did it, about 11.30 P.M., and there were the men, safe and comfortable, round the forest camp fire.

I draw a veil over the rest of that night, particularly over my observations to the men. They, each and every one, said it was "not him but the other Boy who got fright too much." I will draw a veil over the next day, which we spent waiting for the water, etc., to come up from Buea, but I shall never forget how glad we were to get it, for its absence meant not only the absence of water to drink, but the absence of food, and for me, the terrible deprivation of tea. Of course I gave the men some of my scant store of tinned food, a doubtful kindness, as it was salt-herring. However, the water came, and with the men who brought it I sent down Black Boy and Charles, who were complaining of being sick; they did not want to go, but I was firm, for I had no intention of starting a sanatorium in that crater above.

The next morning off we started again. It was fine, but when we were half way up the wall, I needless to say severely bringing up the rear of the expedition, and not going wandering off ahead, like a hen turkey, as on the previous occasion. It poured in torrents, and the bitter wind swept across the face of the mountain side seemingly intent on tearing us off, or failing that, chilling us to death where we were. However, in due course up we got into the crater, which was, this day, a swirling, seething cauldron of wind-torn mist. I really believe if my men had been left to their own devices, they would have simply sunk down and died, *more Africano*, for they were fairly stupefied with the cold. I had great difficulty in urging them towards a great mass of rock, which I had observed on my previous visit, and which lies away to the left in the crater plain. However, I got them there, and then opened the two loads of beautiful, thick army blankets the German officer had kindly lent us. I wrapped one

round each man, and gave them a tot of raw rum, and then tore down a lot of the scraggy, dry bush that grows, or more properly speaking has grown here, for it is dead and as dry as tinder, and getting some dry lichen from under the rock, and some matches out of my soap-box, carefully treasured in the breast of my blouse, I made a fire—it, soon blazed under the shelter of the rocks, and in a few minutes the men revived, and I got them to make more fires, and then grabbed a blanket from under the outspread umbrella I had sheltered them with, and sat down, and shivered.

We spent an awful night, a night of cold, wet, miscellaneous misery, and particularly afflicted with smoke, for the wood of these stunted bushes round here is of a resinous and aromatic nature. It sounds nice, but it is not, for the smoke brings tears into your eyes, and there is too much of it. The boys gathered closely round each fire, and came near being suffocated, every few seconds one or the other of them would scramble up, and go apart, and cough out smoke like a novice in the profession of fire-eating. I made an heroic resolve—my resolves are always good, my performances never—I would keep awake all night and see the fires were kept up, and rouse any man who might catch alight, from huddling into his fire; and reflecting that you may as well do all you can to make yourself comfortable, in a place like this, safely relying on nature to see that you do not get sufficient luxury to really injure your moral fibre, I took my little wood chop-box, with its magnificent inscribed lid—"an Hoch wohl ge borenen Frei herr von Stettin," and settled it, with much trouble and bits of rock, for there wasn't a level place the size of a six-penny piece, against what I regarded as a charming tree, a sorely stunted weather-worn tree, but just the proper angle to lean against, and covered with a cushion of soft lichen. I must have dropped off to sleep, for it was 2.15 A.M. when I woke up, and found out that wretched tree's true nature. The miserable vegetable was nothing better

than a water spout. The rain had run down the moss and into my blanket and me, penetrating to the spine, and forming a pool to keep my feet in, in the little hollow in the rock. I arose, very stiffly, and putting a lot of wood from the pile the men had made, into Zenia and Ke fallä's fire, I sat down as close to it as possible, to windward, and, pulling the blanket over my head to keep off the smoke, which I could not stand because it irritated my eyes, before dawn came I fell asleep three separate times, and on to the fire, which I should most certainly have put out like a bucket of water, had not the smother I occasioned roused Zenia and Ke fallä who got me off it.

The dawn broke grey and cheerless, but the men were revived by their warm night's rest, and quite cheerful, and after giving breakfast I asked for volunteers to come up the final stage. Bum and Zenia volunteered, and we just took with us my little black bag with some food in it, and I insisted on their taking two blankets, against their will of course, for they were improvident creatures; they had, I found, sold the two blankets apiece I had given them at Buea, so had we not had the army blankets to use we should have failed miserably.

The crater plain is a broken bit of country with rocky mounds, slightly overgrown with tufts of grass; here and there bog-like patches, with tufts of rushes, and among the rocks sorely afflicted shrubs of yellow broom, and the aromatic wood-shrub, which blooms with a lovely big yellow flower, like a large wild rose—one might think that the race of shrubs were dying out, for for one living one there are twenty skeletons which fall to pieces at a touch. The trend of the ground is down-hill at first, although you are all the time going over, or scrambling round, rocky hummocks. Then the general level is flat, and then you commence to go up again, and are soon on the peak wall.

I steered N.W.W. until we struck the face of the peak, and then comes a stiff, rough climb, and we keep as straight

up as circumstances allow, for strange ribs of rotten rock come straight down. The higher we got the more tiresome they became, crumbling into dust, so rotten and weather-eaten are they. Bum got half-a-dozen falls on his way up, and after two hours of this sort of thing, Zenia collapsed from the cold and the climbing. We made him wrap himself up, and tucked him in out of the wind among some rocks, and I and Bum went on. When we were some eight hundred feet or more from the summit, the icy iron-grey mist that had been lurking in all the clefts of the mountain, apparently watching us, came curling and waving round the rocks above, like some savage monster defending them from intruders, and, hitching myself on to some rocks, I took compass bearings, and careful notes of local peculiarities, to note our own path, and Zenia's position. Bum elected now to fail for the third time—he had been with two expeditions before from the Babundi face—and he wrapped himself in his blanket, and I turned my face to the mist and went up into it. The scene was weirdly wild and desolate, the black grey dead cinder and rock showing at one's feet, and every now and again when the mist was torn and driven by the fearful wind, away on every side appeared great wild walls and peaks as black as night. After an hour I observed with joy, a bottle, an empty one—but nevertheless a great comfort, for it showed me I was on the track of the first successful expedition to reach the peak from this side, that of the first lieutenant, and doctor of his Imperial Majesty's Ship *Hyæna*. A break in the mist showed a great crag away to the right and I made for it, thinking it was the right one. When a third of the way up, another break in the mist showed me that this was not the case, and that the next one was higher, and I scrambled away and got on the face of this new one, and after a hard time, got up it and saw the cairn which I am told contains a tin box wherein passes left by those who have previously ascended have been now carefully stowed by some kind-hearted

German explorer, and I observed more bottles. I had no bottles to contribute to the collection, and did not interfere with the cairn, save to add a few rocks to it, and taking specimens, and putting my card among them, merely as a complimentary call on Mungo, for long ere now it must be pulp.

As the weather consisted of a hurricane raging in a fog, and there was not a view to be got in any direction, I felt heartily disappointed, for my motive was by no means the legitimate motive for a mountaineer, I only went up in the hope of getting a view that would give an idea of the way the country was made towards the estuaries of the Rio del Rey and Calabar. I had often seen the summit of Mungo from Okyon, up the Old Calabar, and I hoped to be able to fill in my knowledge with the details of this end of the country.

I got down to Bum, and as the mist came round us I was in a fearful fidget about finding Zenia, but we did at last, and then I sat down among the rocks, and we three lunched on the contents of the black bag, which included a bottle of beer Herr von Liebertz had kindly sent up to me with the other stores. While we were doing this, Bum drew my attention to a strange funnel-shaped black phenomenon in the clouds away to the north-east, a waterspout I presume. We hurried on, down over the rocks, in hope of getting into the crater before the mist, and partially succeeded; but no sooner were we half way across the plain, than it closed in round us, but we had seen the camp-site clearly enough to enable us to steer for it, and reached it safely. The men had kept the fires blazing, and I instantly noted a dreadful smell of burning negro. It was cook, who was sound asleep in front of one of them, with a bit of burning wood smouldering in his hair.

I will not weary you with an account of our dilemmas and disasters during our descent, which was far worse than the ascent. The misadventures of that hardy mountaineer the cook, would alone fill a folio volume. We went down to the forest camp, stayed a night

there, it poured, etc.; then down to Buea, it poured again; and then in one day's march down from Buea to Victoria, for I was not anxious to revisit Buana, and it poured worse.

I carefully timed my own arrival to take place after dark, but before dinner, at Government House, and was delighted to find on my arrival there, by the back way, that no one was back from the government office in town. I asked Idabea, on the spot, for tea, and that excellent steward said nothing, but rushed off; in a few seconds there was a great uproar in the room above, and water streamed through the ceiling of the dining-room. "No use trifling about tea," Idabea thought, "what you want is a bath," and by the time Herr von Lucke returned I had made myself as presentable as I could, and he also had the cold intellectual pleasure of finding his prophecy realized. I had got a cold, one of the most terrific colds in the head of modern times. I cannot express my gratitude for all the kindness and assistance I received from the German officers, assistance without which, I should certainly never have got anything beyond a foot view of the Peak, and probably have died in the bargain; and I hope this recital of the tiresomeness of my men may not be taken as a sweeping accusation of West Coast natives, in general; these men were all good in their way, always cheerful, obliging, and obedient; they were fair specimens of the Coast porter; a race it is nothing less than murder for a white man to take into the bush, unless he is prepared to look after them, their food, and their feet.

From Chambers' Journal.
IN A NORWEGIAN FARMHOUSE.

BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Our farmhouse is placed on a slope, facing the south, and trending down to the small, shallow, weedy sheets of water where trout are rising. These lochans, as they are sometimes termed in Scotland, are fed by the overflow

stream from the great lake, which is held up by a natural dam of rock, a hundred feet or more high, and crossing the valley for, perhaps, a quarter of a mile. All around are mountains, some clothed almost to their summits with pine-trees, others more rugged and wild. There are half-a-dozen small wooden houses within sight; each owned by a more or less prosperous farmer. Our host is a well-to-do man, and with a family of two big, broad-shouldered sons—each two inches taller than their father—and three strapping wenches of daughters. They lead a patriarchal life in this wilderness, and have no difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door.

It is a peaceful summer's evening as our *stolkjaerres* are dragged up the rough road which winds round the hilly slope. The painted, wooden farmhouse is built on massive stone foundations; the portion below the woodwork being devoted to a kitchen and brew-house in summer, a store in winter. Opposite the three rough stone steps, which lead up to the entrance, is a smaller, one-storied building, thatched with birch bark held down by sods of turf. One room of this is used as an extra sleeping apartment, while in the other are the spinning-wheels and the loom. A hundred yards down the slope is a new barn, of which Herr Ole is very proud; for it is neatly made of massive planks and timbers, and roofed in with carefully cut slabs of stone, about two feet square, placed diamond fashion: a barn that will last out three generations of men. Some children are playing with a cream-colored foal, and another foal is just coming out of the room where the spinning-wheels are kept, and down the steps.

The work is over for the day, and the family come out to greet us, though we are unexpected. We find out afterwards that we are the first English who have ever entered the house or, indeed, been seen by its inmates. Our guide and driver, Sivert, tells Herr Ole that we have come to fish the big lake behind that great natural dam, and would be glad of a bed and supper.

This hospitality is accorded us without a moment's hesitation, and I am shown into a large room, perhaps twenty feet square. The furniture consists of a bare table; a sort of wooden sleeping-box, five feet four inches long, filled with straw; an unvarnished wooden chair, and a low bench fixed to the wall round two sides of the room. On it are the gaily painted boxes of the family; each member apparently having his or her private chest bearing the name, place of abode, and date of birth of its owner, along with some more or less barbaric design. On a row of pegs placed not far from the ceiling, and extending nearly round the apartment, hang the Sunday clothes of the family, a suit to each peg; the trousers' legs dangling down, and, late on in the dusk, looking as if some unfortunate people had hung themselves in a row.

There is no carpet, no wall-paper, no lath nor plaster. All is good honest wood; above, below, and all around; no varnish, no polish, no stain, no paint—not even on the furniture. No two-penny-halfpenny one-inch weather boarding, or half-inch match-boards as we use in England, but great solid planks and boards which will stand the wear and tear of centuries. On the windows and doors alone is a little paint—a kind of white enamel. In a corner of the room stands a very old kettledrum, and how and why such an instrument of warfare has a place in this peaceful dwelling is for the time beyond my comprehension. There are two big windows, in one of which a pane of glass is wanting, and Sivert tells me that the family are greatly concerned thereat; on my account he it understood, for much ventilation is deemed an evil thing out here. An oval rusty tea-tray is leaning against the wall. It fits the window so far as tops and sides are concerned, leaving ample room for fresh air at the corners, so the matter is soon settled.

There is a pretty rustic scene taking place outside the window, which would require the pen of a Richard Jefferies to properly describe. One of those miniature cows which are found among the mountains—a light fawn color and

weu bred—is standing by the side of the palings which fence in a small potato plot; it wears a sort of bridle, with reins, made of fishing-line, by which a maiden is holding it. Seated on an upturned pail is one of the farmer's broad-shouldered sons, who is endeavoring to milk the cow, which kicks at intervals, for the poor creature is ill, her udder tender, and the operation painful. Another girl is standing by the side of the animal, leaning across its neck to keep it quiet, chatting the while. Presently, the aged grandfather, with long flowing hair, and teeth brown and worn down by constant chewing of tobacco, comes wandering up with the feeble and uncertain steps of age. The cow will not yield milk; no, not even to the old man, who takes his place on the upturned pail, moistening his hands; but his oft practised, though dirty fingers are of no avail, and it seems to me that the refractory invalid is led off in more or less disgrace. Secretly, I am glad that the milk we look for presently at tea-time has not come from this particular source.

There is no hand-basin in my room, and no water, so I call Sivert, tell him of my wants, and presently Sameline, the farmer's wife, appears with a basin of water, which she puts down on a chair and retires. Soap and towels are apparently unneeded in this primitive land, but they are also forthcoming through the medium of Sivert. I note that the slice off a bar of mottled soap, produced for my especial benefit from the depths of one of those big boxes, is, during our stay in the house, borrowed whenever any member of the family wants to wash his hands. In the midst of my ablutions, one of the sons strolls in unannounced, sits on a box and watches me. I know exactly six words of Norwegian, so I try their effect on him, which is not exactly electrical. As Sivert afterwards explains to me, "When you talk Norwegian dey do tink you talk English, and so dey no try to understand," which is very stupid of them.

We have brought with us eggs, bread and fresh butter, and a lump of gruyère

cheese, which has been diffusing its somewhat powerful scent among the clothes and other things in my box, during our travels from Bergen. It is an hour and a half before the trout, which I caught on my way up, are cooked. Norwegians have a weakness for cutting all things into slices, if possible, and food not sliceable, into small pieces. All my trout run about three to the pound, and are divided into four or five portions, just as though they were eels. But they were admirably boiled, and in due course placed on a side-table in an adjoining room, where the doctor is to sleep, he also having a five feet four inch box filled with straw. Two knives, some salt in a piece of paper, and two teacups are on the table. We ask Sivert to see if the good people cannot provide us with forks, teaspoons, saucers, and a milk jug. For the latter, Sameline brings in an antique china bowl, full of milk, and two curious ancient Norwegian silver spoons, with flat handles and quite round shallow bowls, used to dip the milk out of the basin.

Sivert sits down with us, as a matter of course, and very skilfully skins and takes the bones from the small chunks of trout by means of a knife, a piece of dissection which the doctor notes with professional interest. It would seem that forks are usually dispensed with in this part of the world, but two very doubtful ones (I say doubtful because it is not clear of what metal they are made—perhaps they were once upon a time silver-plated), after a long search, are discovered in a box hidden away under the bed. All these things come in driblets, and by the time the meal is set out, the trout are cold and our hunger not decreased, for it is now, if you please, 11 P.M., though still very light, and we have had no food since two o'clock.

As soon as the not-altogether-gargantuan feast commences, the farmer and the whole family, except the grandfather, troop solemnly into the room, stand in a semicircle and watch us feeding, just as if we were some strange creatures at the Zoo. In fact, I believe that we are really greater curiosities

to them than the lions and tigers are to Master Tommy in Regent's Park.

After supper I have a happy thought. I have read somewhere that the Norwegian children are exceedingly fond of sweets, and, owing to the heavy tax on sugar, have few opportunities of eating them; so I bought a pound in Bergen, and this I hand round. The whole family solemnly help themselves, and, with deep gratitude depicted in their faces, come up to us, shake hands with both the doctor and myself, and say, "Tak."¹ I give some cigars to the farmer and the two sons, the latter never having before smoked such a thing. The thrift of the Norwegian is shown in the treatment of these cigars by the youths. They smoke for five minutes, then carefully extinguish the burning end and place the cigar away in some corner of the house. The next morning I see them having another five minutes' smoke, and these cigars actually last for over two days, being taken in homeopathic doses at intervals of about two hours. Finally the ends are cut up and used in grandfather's pipe.

When I come to turn in, I find that a gorgeous woollen blanket of many colors—one of the products of the loom in the little house opposite—has been spread over the straw in my box, and there are two others to cover me. But before I am allowed to go to bed, the whole family, without exception, come into my room, examine all my things, first inquiring the English name of them, and then giving me the Norwegian.

"Engelsk?" says Herr Ole interrogatively, pointing to my razor.

"Razor," say I.

"Ah, so, razor. In Norsk, barber-kniv," he informs me. And so on through brush, comb, nail scissors, and all the things which Englishmen deem necessary for making the toilet; finishing up with sundry items of fishing-tackle which I have laid out on the table. My magnificent disregard of money in using silk for a fishing-line astonishes them. With the aid of a dictionary I tell them of what it is

¹ *Anglice*, "Thank."

composed. "No! it must be cotton, or hemp." But I stick to my silk, and finally convince them, and they evidently regard me as a very thriftless sort of person.

It is now as dark as it will be during this short summer night, and Mrs. Sameline has brought into my room a curious old repoussé work Swedish candlestick, with twisted stem, in which is a home-made, tapering, tallow candle nearly two feet in length. I am very tired, and though immensely interested in all these things, should be better pleased if the family would take into consideration my doubtless foolish English prejudices and forbear from spitting on the floor; in other respects my visitors are most clean. Each and all of them have removed their wooden shoes before entering the room, and are walking on the bare floor with their stockinged feet. The grandfather, in particular, takes a kindly interest in me, and sits on the edge of my bed chewing tobacco and acting after the manner of chewers. The candle growing dim, he snuffs it with his fingers, and drops the lighted fragment of wick on the floor, extinguishing it with his stockinged foot. Finally, some of them wander out. The last to go is the eldest son, and he, I believe, has a sort of morbid desire to see what an Englishman looks like when undressed. But I do not intend to satisfy his wishes in this respect, and by dint of "god nat" many times repeated, induce him to go. But he has learned of me the English of this expression, and ten minutes later puts his shaggy head in at the door, grins, jerks out "Good-night," retreats, and I see him no more.

A good deep bed of straw with a warm woollen rug over it is not an uncomfortable thing, provided there is leg room, which in this case is wanting. But after these long journeyings, fishing by the way, one is thankful for anything in the shape of a bed, and heaven forbid that I should criticise the kindly hospitality of these good people. For a few minutes there is a great thumping about overhead, for the common sleeping-room of both girls and boys appears to be above,

and neither men nor Norwegian farm lasses tread very lightly. There is a great joke going on—it is to say "Good-night" to each other in English. How they laugh over it! I can hear every word they say in this wooden house. Let me here say that although sleeping arrangements of this kind appear to be quite common in the wilder parts of Norway, there are no more moral people in the world than the Norwegians of the west coast.

The doctor, who was saved from the visitation of the previous night, is up betimes the next morning and wakes me at an early hour. These farm-people seem to care nothing about sleep during the summer months, having, I suppose, an overdose of it in the winter; for they have been up hours ago, shaving away at little patches of grass among the rocks with their small hand-scythes, not much larger than three "barberknivs," and nearly as sharp.

While Madame Sameline is preparing some more trout for breakfast, and apparently much puzzled about frying them in butter, a method which we had suggested to her through Sivert, I wander among the farm-buildings, and with, I hope, a pardonable curiosity, poke my nose into a number of places where I have no business. In one little wooden storehouse are sacks of meal, and barrels containing salted herrings of evil odor. A little way down the hillside is a tiny hut, some eight feet square, through the turf roof of which blue smoke is oozing. I look in here and see the farmer's eldest son working at a small forge, fashioning a new set of shoes for the mares which are to take us on our journey in a day or two. The animals, with musical bells fastened to their necks by a leather collar, and with foals running by their side and taking an early but spasmodic breakfast, are feeding on the short sweet grass near this little smithy. Two old, and evidently not often used, stolkjaerres have been dragged out from some shed and placed in front of the house containing the loom, to be prepared for the continuation of our journey. The shaft of one has been broken and has evi-

dently been spliced that morning with a piece of fishing-line. Bearing in mind that the roads are bad and the hills steep, that there are no traces, and a great deal of weight is placed on the ponies' shoulders, a nervous person might not feel altogether happy in contemplating the prospect of a journey in these particular conveyances.

I try to take stock of the farmer's possessions. Imprimis, there is a good stout timber-built red-tiled house, and the more old-fashioned loom-house, which, I dare say, was the dwelling-place of an earlier generation. There are one or two small sheds used as stores, the big barn I have mentioned, and the little smithy. Close to the house is an all-too-small potato patch, and round it grows fine grass full of sweet herbage. Quaintly cut out of the grass in sundry places are a few square yards of land devoted to grain crops. By the edge of the potatoes are about twenty hop plants. Most of the cows and cattle are away on the common grazing grounds up the mountains. It is by no means a small farm, and I am told the tax paid to the State for it is about fifteen pounds a year. There is no hired labor; everything is done by the man and his family, and never have I met with more contented, happy, prosperous people. In the stone basement beneath the room in which we have our meals, the farmer is busy brewing two or three barrels of beer; while over a wood fire on an open hearth, Mrs. Sameline is frying our trout.

Earlier in the morning the doctor has told me, with much amusement, that on his giving out some tea for breakfast, Sivert has said that more tea was unnecessary as the leaves which were used overnight would do again. "Of course I told them to throw away the tea-leaves," says the doctor, "and the man seemed quite surprised."

While in the kitchen, Sivert comes up to me with a serious face. "Do you think I should throw away the tea-leaves which were used yesterday? They are very good." From this I

gather that they looked upon the doctor as a wasteful, thriftless sort of person, whose judgment in these matters is of no account; but pay me the compliment of regarding me as prudence personified, and as one not likely to fall in with such wicked waste.

"Don't you think, Sivert, that Mrs. Johannesen would like those tea-leaves?" I query.

"Oh! yes, she would," says Sivert without hesitation, and so we settle the matter and please everybody, particularly Sameline; but it is quite clear the doctor has fallen in their estimation.

Sivert announcing that breakfast will be ready shortly, I return to the house, and see through an open door the eldest daughter busy at her sewing-machine. She is sitting in a tiny cupboard of a room, in the angle of which is a corner cupboard, having wrought-metal hinges and finely carved oak doors. It must be centuries old, and contrasts strangely with the modern machine the girl is using.

The farmer and his family are now so busy that they withstand the strong temptation to see the Englishmen eat with forks. One of the girls offers us "fladbrød" this morning, a contrivance evolved out of meal and water. I believe it can be easily imitated by means of a disc of stout whitey-brown paper about two feet in diameter. The delicate, crisp, short eating "fladbrød" of the hotels is very different from this stuff, which is tough, and requires excellent teeth for its proper mastication. On this, potatoes, porridge, and herrings, these people seem principally to live; with the addition of some trout in the summer. Green vegetables they do not trouble to grow, and for lack of these purifiers, eating too many fish, and perhaps owing to the lack of ventilation in their houses during the long winter nights, scrofula and leprosy are all too common. Apple cultivation is steadily on the increase; but the people might none the less turn their attention with great advantage to the kitchen garden.

During breakfast rain commences.

As soon as our frugal meal is over we sally forth, clad in mackintoshes, ascend the slope of that great rocky dam, and spend the day on the beautiful lake, catching most excellent, pink-fleshed trout. In the evening, when we sup, the family again surrounds us.

And this is very much our life in this primitive spot. The curiosity of the people concerning us, and our feeling of strangeness, gradually wear off. As our hosts begin to know us better, and we them, our regard and esteem for each other increases.

Stay, I have almost forgotten to explain the mystery of the kettledrum. I sound Sivert on the subject, and he tells me that the farmer's eldest son, like all young men in Norway, has been drilled for a soldier and has developed strong musical tastes which

have led to his being appointed drummer. Word is passed round the family that I have asked about the drum, and on our second evening a deputation waits upon me, headed by Sivert, to inquire if I would like to hear the drum played. I weakly say "Yes," and about the time that I am longing to turn in, the whole family again troops into my room, the eldest son arming himself with long sticks, shoulders the drum-sling, and fires off volleys of rolls, beats, tattoos, and other things at my unfortunate head. I say "Mange tak" many times, but the more I thank him the more he plays, until his arms weary and then, thank Heaven! I am left in peace. The moral is that English travellers in Norway should not be inquisitive in the matter of drums.

How the Condor is Captured.—There were eight in the party, all well mounted on fast bronchos that, in spite of the long ride, were in good condition. The eight were lined up on the edge of the wood, and with their leader well in advance, with reata in hand, moved on. We were walking our horses, drinking in the beauty of it all, when Moreno gave a shout, and, clapping spurs to his broncho, sprang forward. The rest closed in and faced for a moment a huge bird that had been feeding upon the body of a sheep, and that, surprised, started to run; then, beating the air with its enormous wings, it raised itself eight or ten feet when the whirling reata of the Mexican fell over its neck. The fighting, struggling creature flapped heavily to the ground and began a singular dance, holding up its wings and vainly endeavoring to throw off the rope. The bird presented an extraordinary stretch of wing, and was a magnificent specimen of the California condor, the largest bird found within the borders of the United States. After dancing and leaping around in a circle, the condor made a vigorous spring into the air and seemed to clamber upward, only to fall headlong again and roll over and over, biting at the lariat, snapping its powerful beak

viciously at the horses, that trembled with fear at the strange figure. Moreno held the lariat around the pommel of his saddle in a firm grasp, but in some way the noose slipped and became caught squarely around the bird beneath its wings. Thus, partly relieved, it sprang into the air, literally lifting the Mexican from his saddle for a moment, suggesting the power and strength of the bird. The condor having succeeded in entangling itself in a tree, the party dismounted and proceeded to pull it down—no easy task; and finally the Mexican was obliged to climb up and secure it. The claws of the condor are not offensive weapons, nor used as such, but the powerful beak was lunged at the climber, like a sledge-hammer, with a force sufficient to have crushed a man's skull. But the Mexican had taken off his jacket, and, boldly approaching the condor, struck its head in return, warding off the blows of its powerful wings until it became exhausted, when he seized it by the neck and wing and lowered it to the ground, where it was secured and bound. Not half a mile away another fine specimen was seen roosting in the trees, but soon flew away, rising in graceful circles till it attained to a vast height.

